

*"He's here."*



# MAD

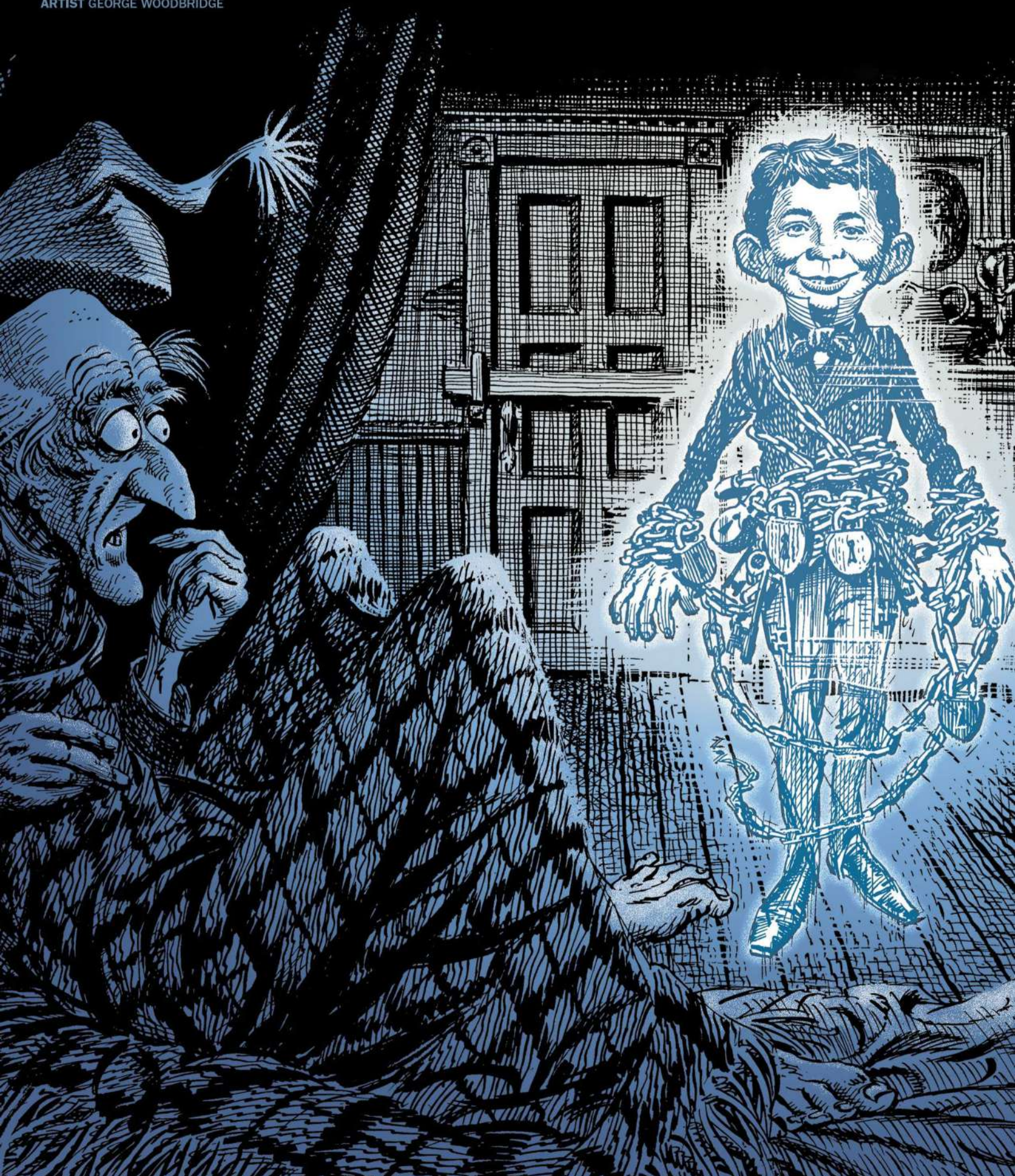
NO. 27  
OCT 2022

THE PARA(ab)NORMAL ISSUE





ARTWORK FOR "THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS" SUBSCRIPTION AD  
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #116, JAN 1968  
ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE







SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

# MAD

NO. 27

OCTOBER 2022

**WILLIAM M. GAINES** FOUNDER

**SUZY HUTCHINSON** ART DIRECTOR

**BERN MENDOZA** ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

- 02** A MAD Look at Ghosts, MAD #291, Dec 1989
- 04** Tim Burton's CGI Horrors from the Dizzy Vault, MAD #10, Dec 2019
- 06** The Shiner (MAD Movie Satire), MAD #221, Mar 1981
- 14** Mr.Fix It Tackles Your Occult and Paranormal Home Repair Problems, MAD #419, Jul 2002
- 18** Spy Vs. Spy, MAD #92, Jan 1965
- 19** Tedium (MAD TV Satire), MAD #454, Jun 2005
- 23** Cthasper The Friendly Elder God, MAD #4, Dec 2018
- 24** The Bland Witch Project (MAD Movie Satire), MAD #387, Nov 1999
- 28** Rejected Monster Cereal, MAD #4, Dec 2018
- 30** Tell-Tale Signs That You've Got a Really Bad Psychic, MAD #498, Feb 2009
- 32** Mind Power Magazine, MAD #183, Jun 1976
- 36** Possessed Barbie, MAD #10, Dec 2019
- 38** Paltry Guise (MAD Movie Satire), MAD #237, Mar 1983
- 45** Spirow & Bonsey in "Death Comes for Us All!", MAD #10, Dec 2019
- 48** Spy Vs. Spy, MAD #406, Jun 2001
- 50** Clairvoyant Cooking with The Amazing Criswell: Mastering Medium Steak Grilling with Your Mind
- 51** MAD's Occult Promoter of the Year, MAD #232, Jul 1982
- 55** Humour While You Wait - Monkey's Paw, MAD #10, Dec 2019
- 56** The Haunting Legend of Echo Point, MAD #534, Aug 2015

**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS** The Usual Gang of Idiots

**INSIDE BACK COVER** A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

**VARIOUS PLACES** Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

**COVER ARTIST** "Ghoulis" Gary Pullin

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.



CONTENTS



# A MAD LOOK AT

WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**





# GHOSTS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #291, DEC 1989







## MALICE IN WONDERLAND DEPT.

This year's live-action Dumbo flopped right into the uncanny valley, but why stop there? Dizzy and Tim Burton, our favorite corporate-colossus and auteur-hack duo, have created a lineup of mutated material that will haunt your nightmares before and after Christmas...2029. The familiar sounds of "Danny Boy" Elfman's xylophone pipes are calling!

Tim Burton's

# CGI HORRORS

FROM  
THE

# Dizzy VAULT

WRITER GRANT REED ARTIST MIKE LOEW

JOHNNY DEPP

bambward

## SCISSORHOOVES

DON'T WORRY, HIS MOM STILL DIES

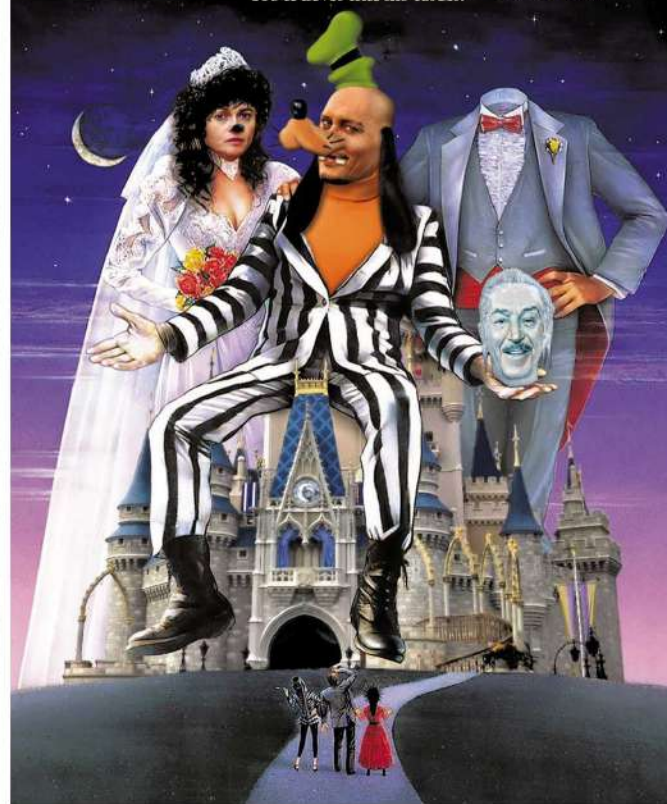


In This House... If You've Seen One Goof, You Haven't Seen Them All.

Johnny Depp in

## A GOOFYJUICE MOVIE

You'll never kill his career.



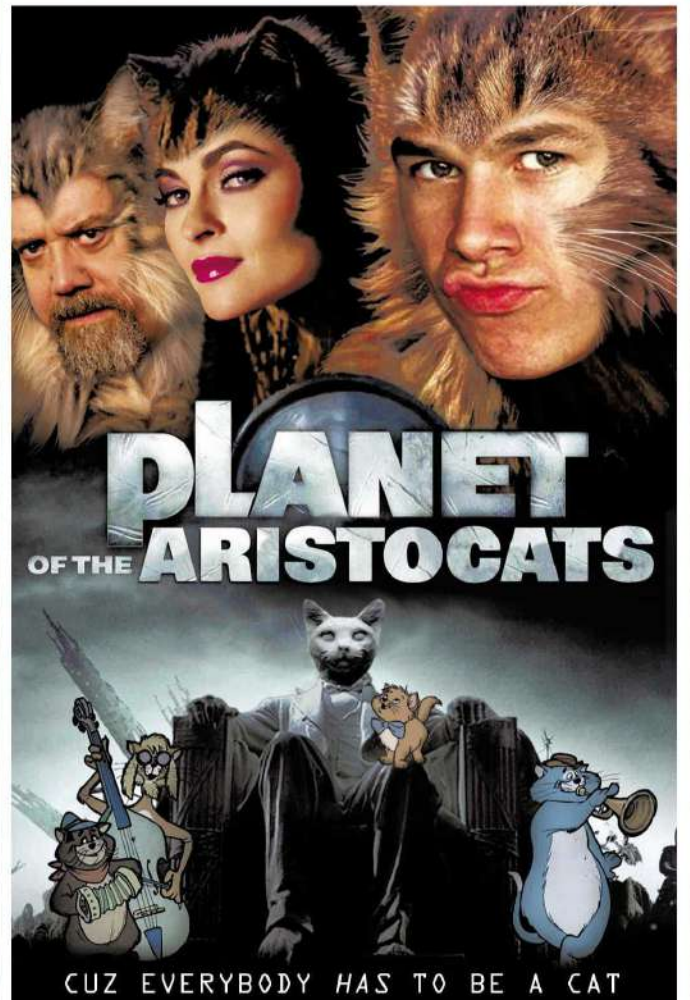


Becoming a real boy was his passion.  
Jiminy was his inspiration.  
Angora sweaters were his weakness.



Another TIM BURTON film

# ED WOODEN NOSE



CUZ EVERYBODY HAS TO BE A CAT

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF THE HUNDRED-ACRE WOODS...







# HATCHET JOB DEPT.

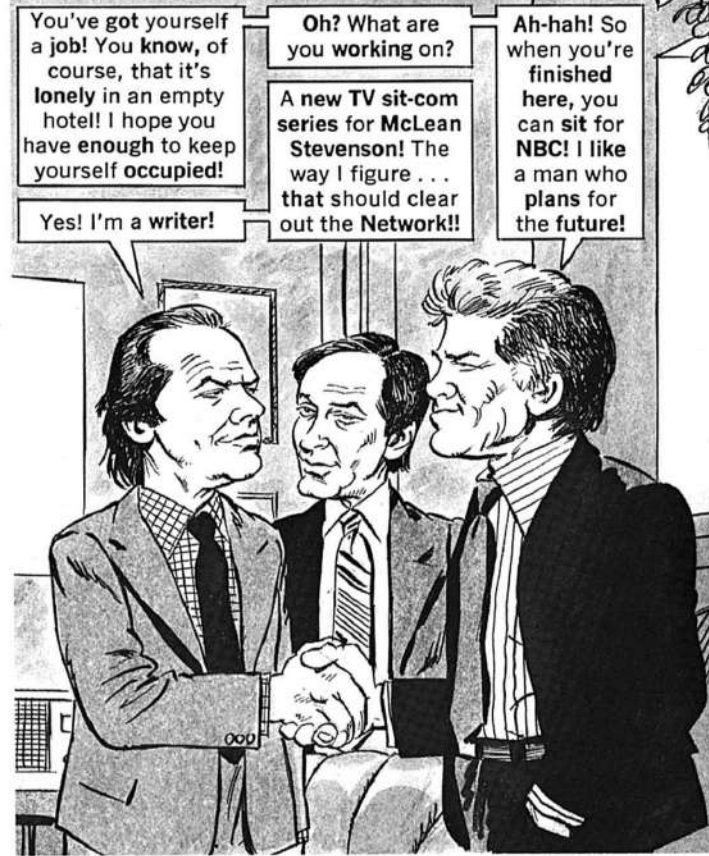
A talented writer named Steven King once wrote a terrifying book called "The Shining." Now, a famous Director named Stanley Kubrick has made a movie out of it. Unfortunately, his film has given Mr. King's book, and all the other great horror films of the past, a black eye! Which is why we at MAD call our version:

# THE





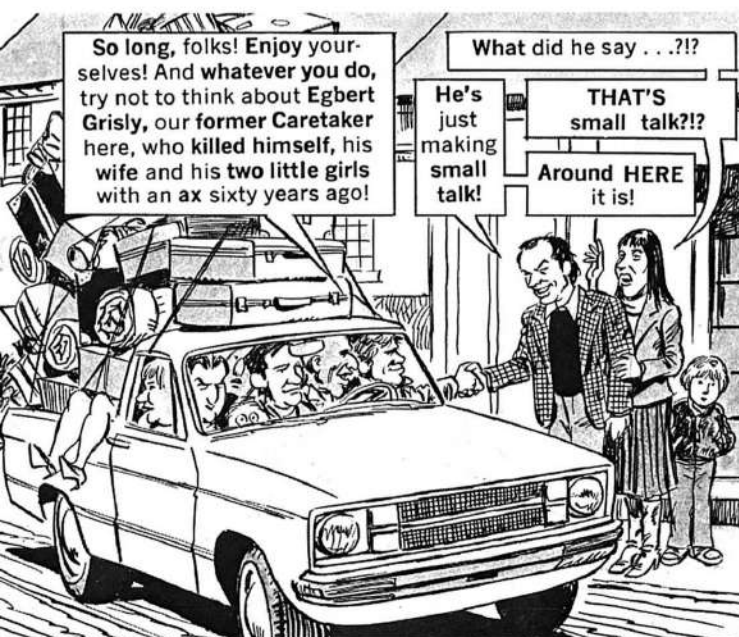
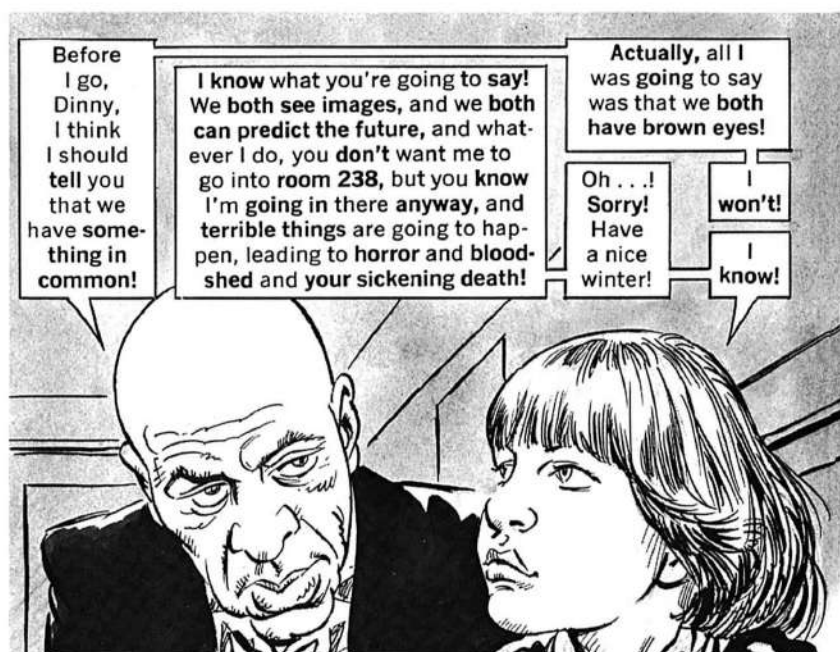
# SHINER



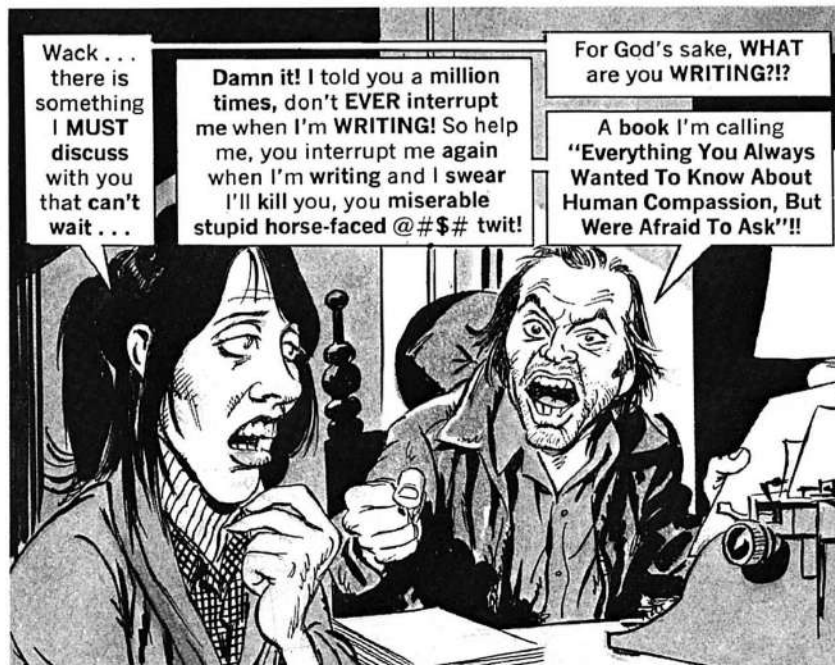
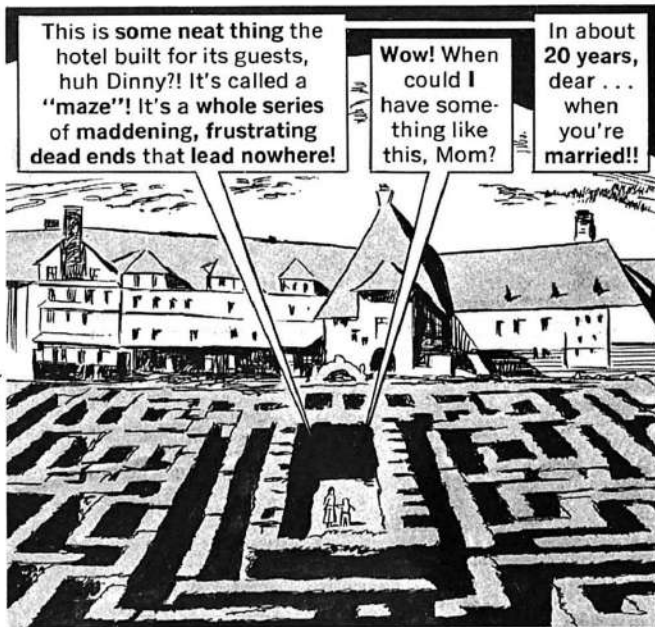
WRITER **LARRY SIEGEL** ARTIST **ANGELO TORRES**



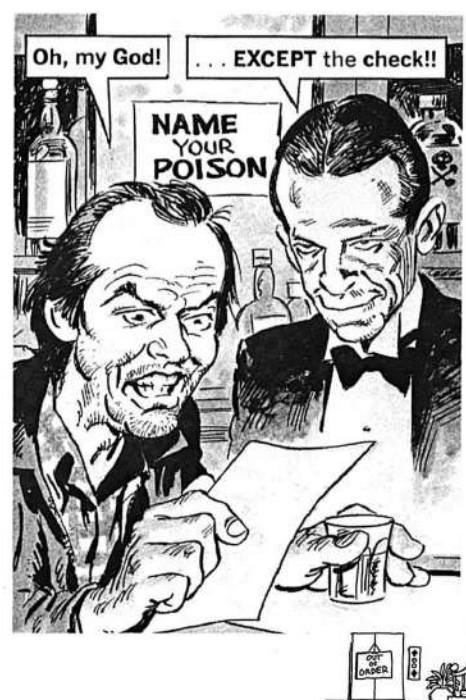
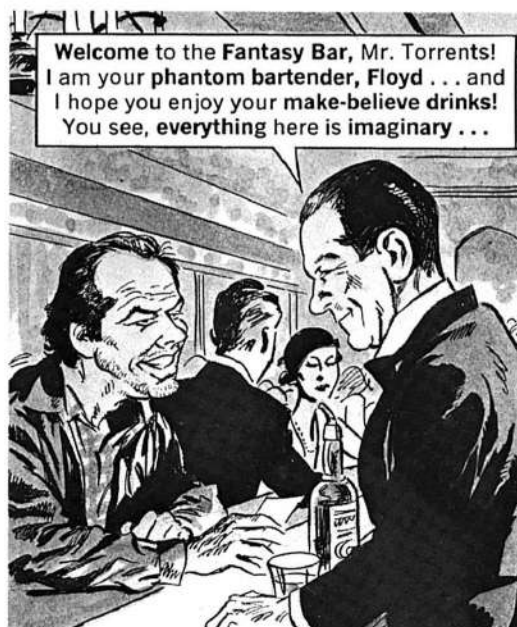
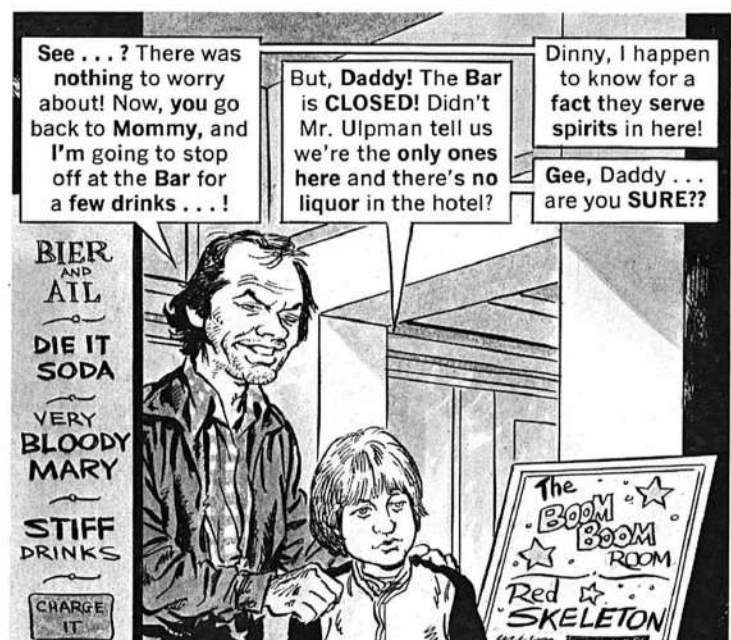
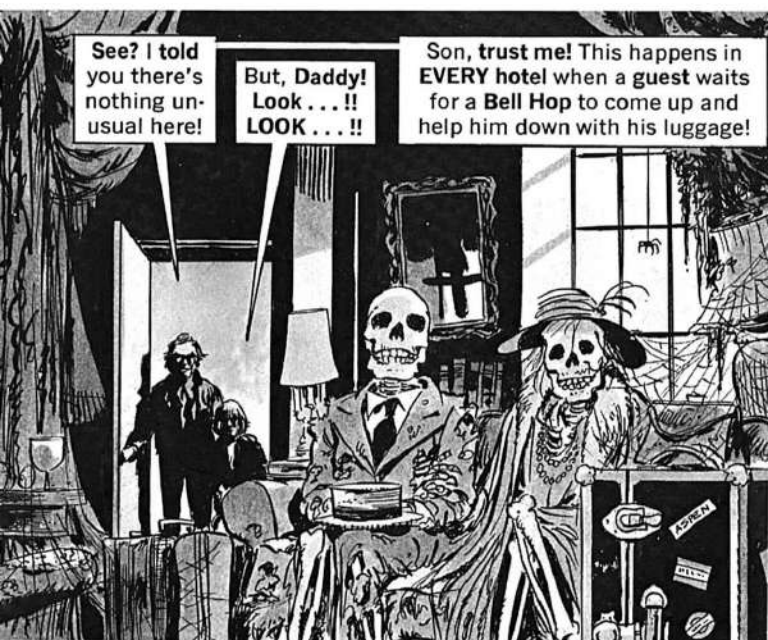
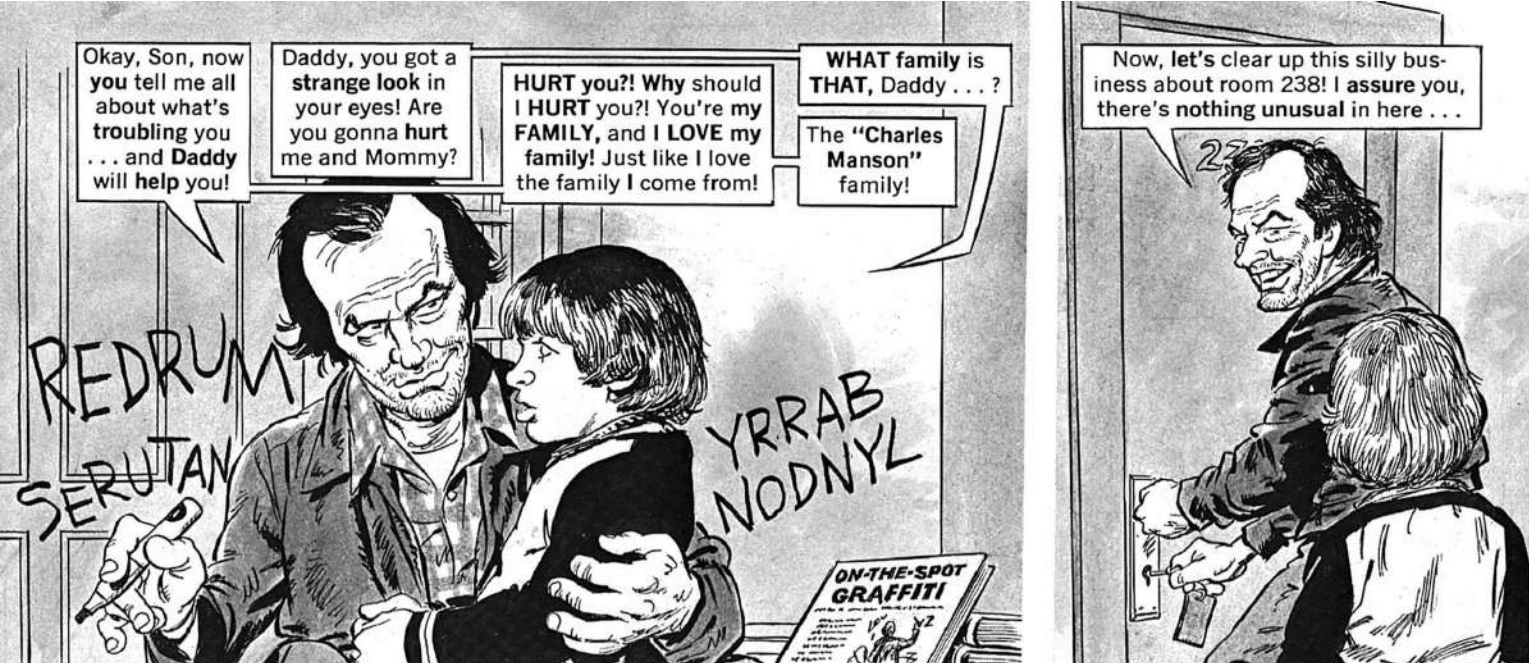




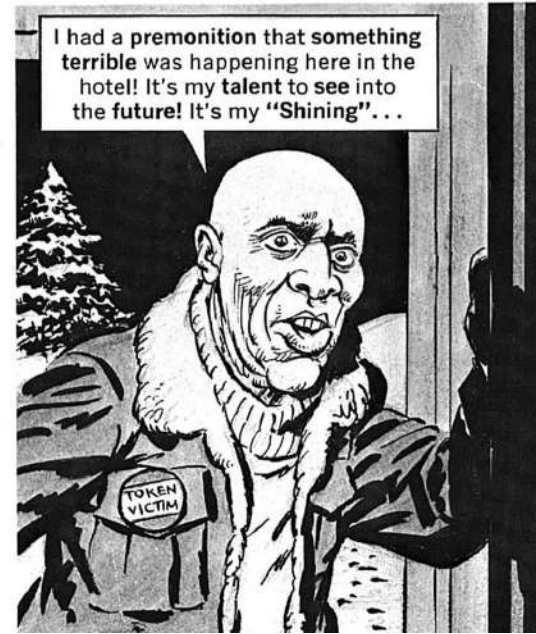
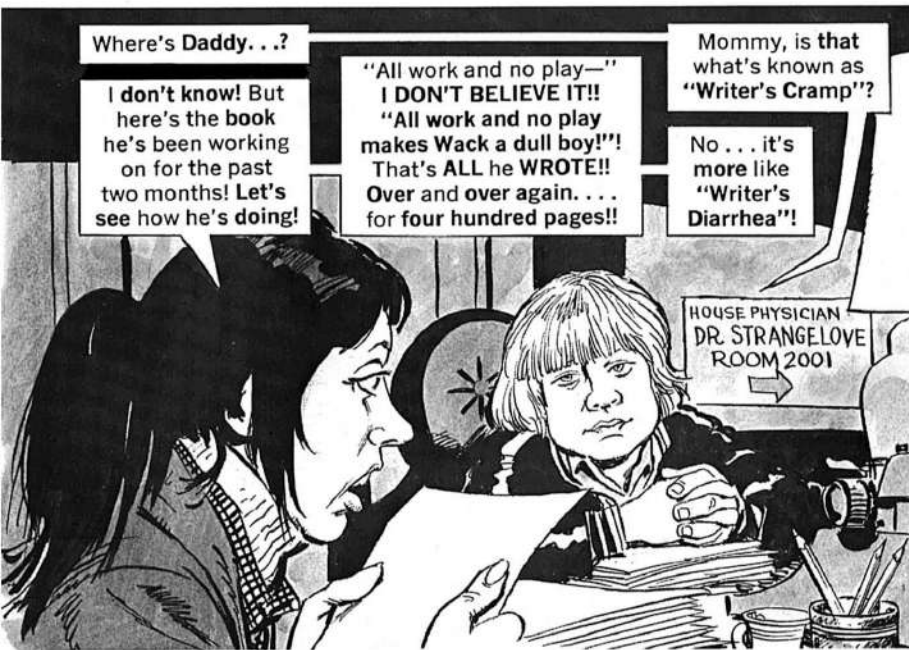
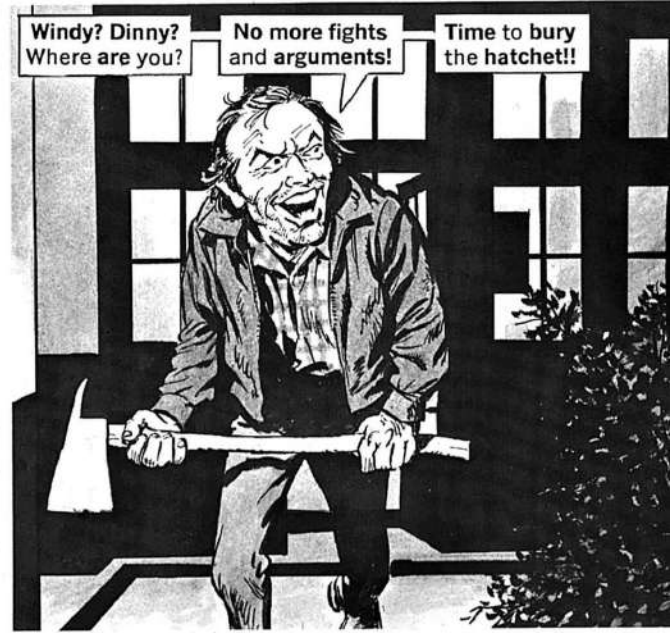




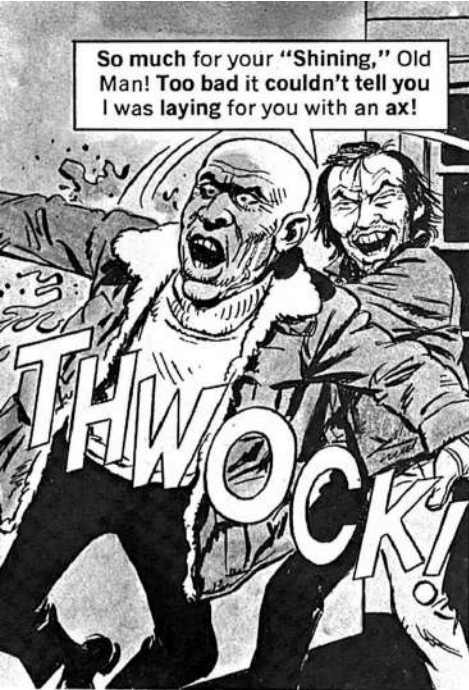












So much for your "Shining," Old Man! Too bad it couldn't tell you I was laying for you with an ax!



You ... you'll pay ... for ... this, Torrents!

For killing a HOTEL COOK?! The most any jury would give me is 30 days!!

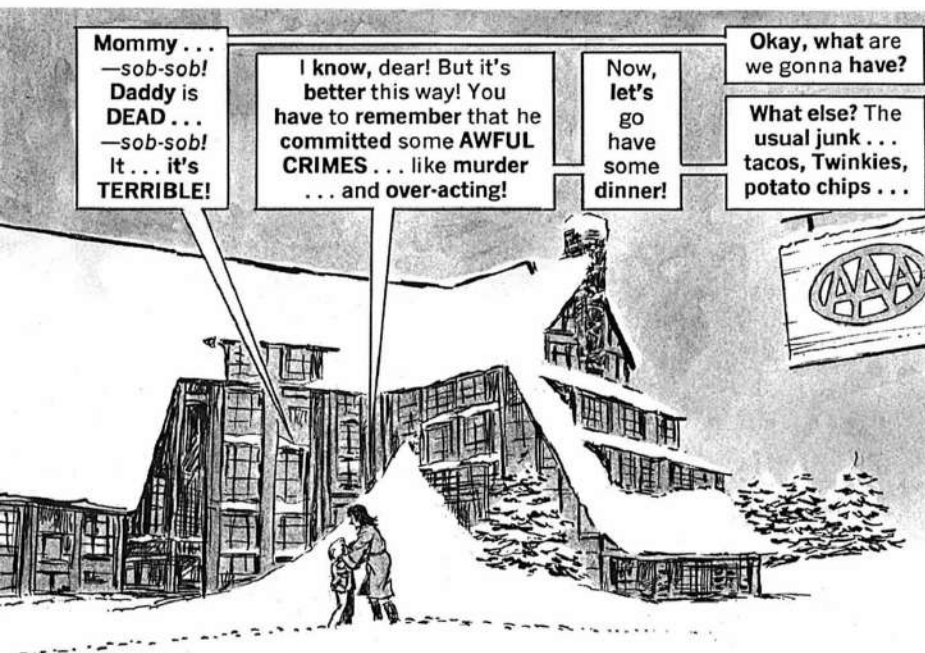
Well ... at least that's SOMETHING! Thank God I'm not a WAITER!!



Come back, Dinny! You have been a naughty boy, and Daddy has to punish you ... !!

Can't you just send me to bed without supper—like other Fathers?!

But you KNOW what we eat around here! That wouldn't be a punishment! That would be a REWARD!!!



Mommy ... —sob-sob! Daddy is DEAD ... —sob-sob! It ... it's TERRIBLE!

I know, dear! But it's better this way! You have to remember that he committed some AWFUL CRIMES ... like murder ... and over-acting!

Now, let's go have some dinner!

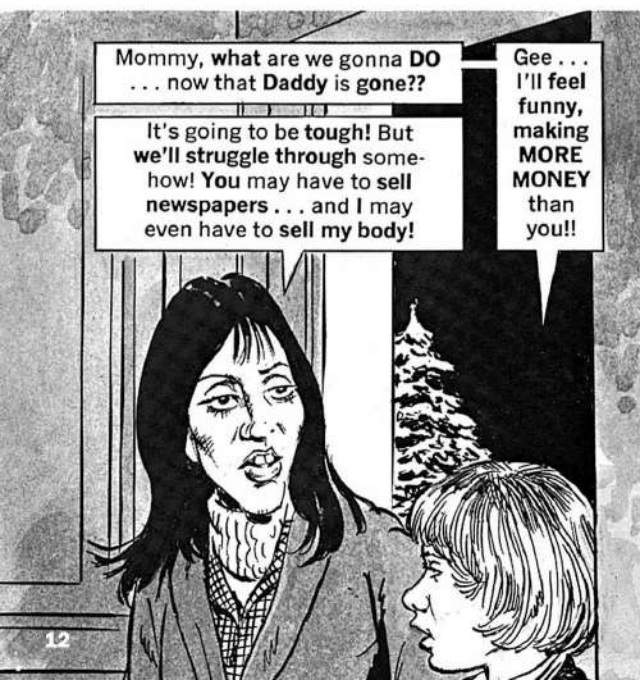
Okay, what are we gonna have?

What else? The usual junk ... tacos, Twinkies, potato chips ...



Wait a minute! That reminds me ... !! In the freezer! There IS a piece of FROZEN HAM!

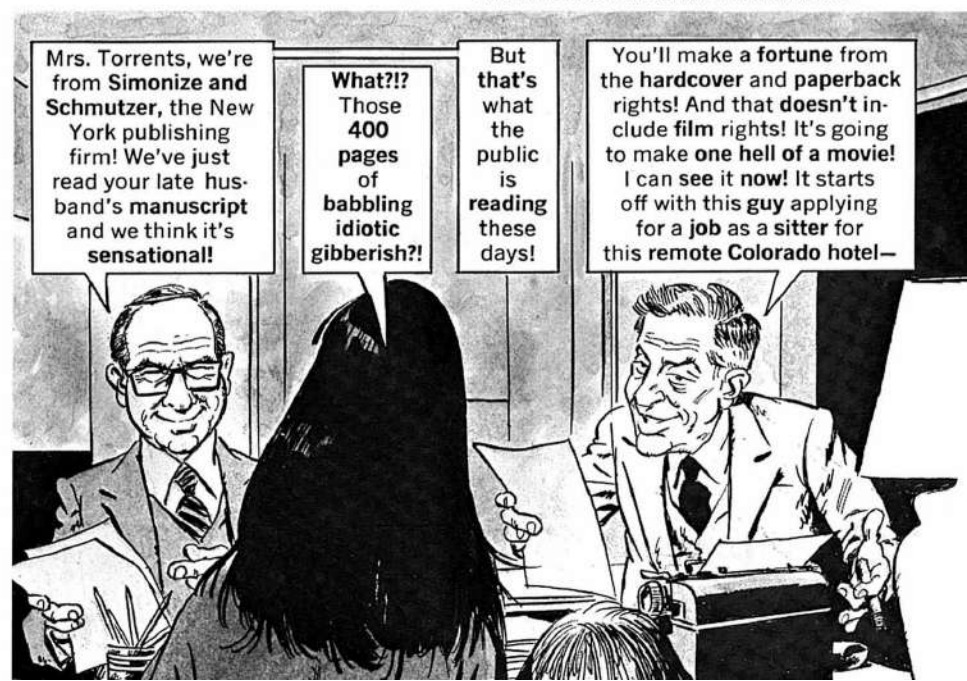
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #221, MAR 1981



Mommy, what are we gonna DO ... now that Daddy is gone??

It's going to be tough! But we'll struggle through somehow! You may have to sell newspapers ... and I may even have to sell my body!

Gee ... I'll feel funny, making MORE MONEY than you!!



Mrs. Torrents, we're from Simonize and Schmutzer, the New York publishing firm! We've just read your late husband's manuscript and we think it's sensational!

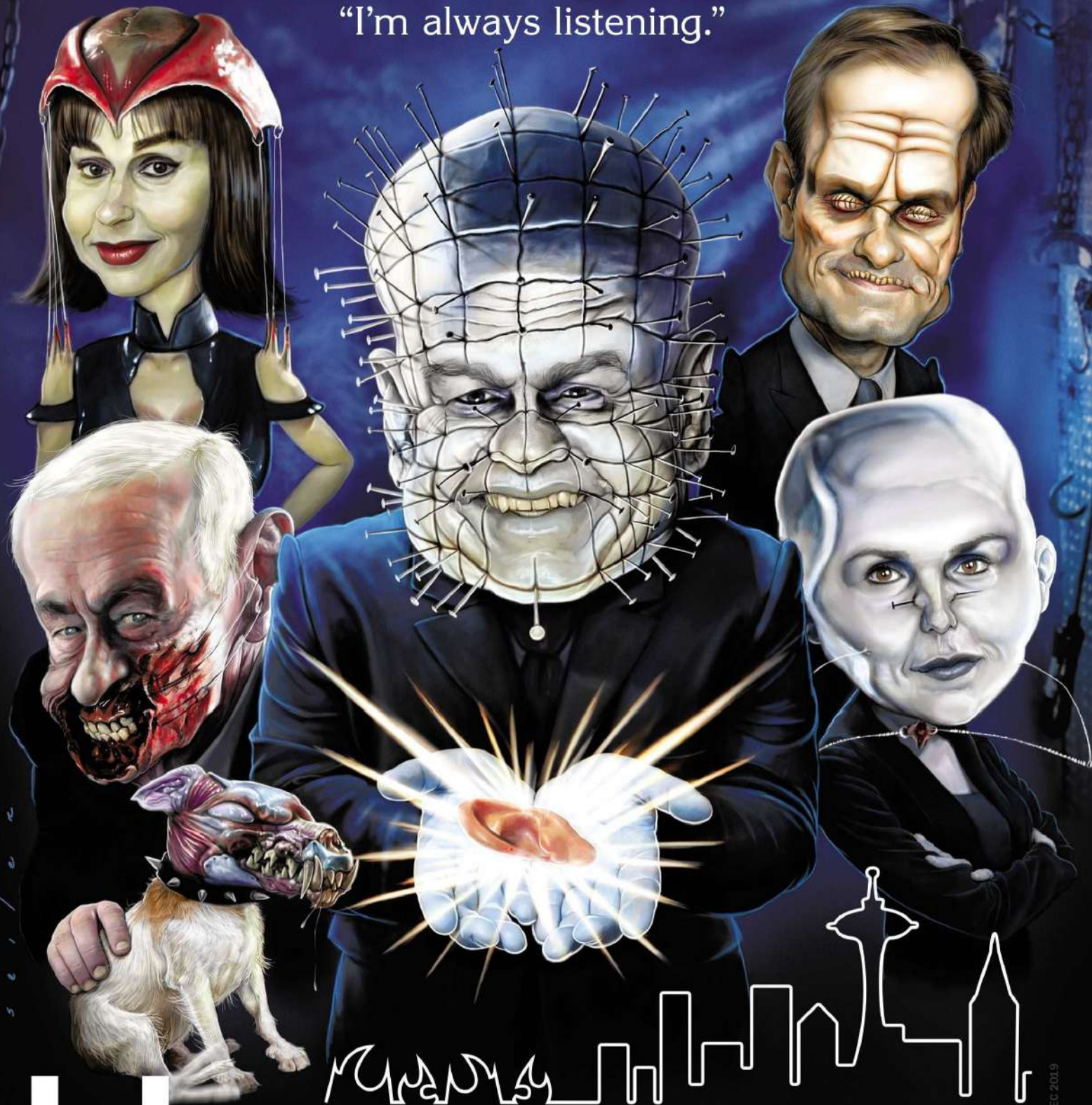
What?!? Those 400 pages of babbling idiotic gibberish?!

But that's what the public is reading these days!

You'll make a fortune from the hardcover and paperback rights! And that doesn't include film rights! It's going to make one hell of a movie! I can see it now! It starts off with this guy applying for a job as a sitter for this remote Colorado hotel—



"I'm always listening."



# HELLFRASIER

If you thought there was nothing worth watching on Earth, see what's streaming below the surface!

Coming this fall and every fall to hell forever.

A MAD AD TV PARODY

WRITER PETER ZIMMERMANN

ARTIST JASON SEILER



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #10, DEC 2019





Whatever the age or condition of a house, homeowners will inevitably encounter common problems with their property — things like demon possession, walls dripping blood and dry rot. (Damn that dry rot!) We invite stumped do-it-yourselfers to turn off the House and Garden Channel and submit your questions to our expert...



# MR. FIX-IT

## Tackles your Occult and Paranormal Home Repair Problems

WRITER P.C. VEY ARTIST JAMES WARHOLA

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My wife and I are planning to paint the interior of our home. It's a simple job with only one major problem that I can foresee. We keep my grandmother, who is possessed by demons, in one of the upstairs bedrooms. The furniture and my grandmother are constantly flying all over the room, banging into the walls and making a real racket. Also, she constantly spits up all kinds of smelly snot and pus leaving an awful residue on the walls and ceiling. Is there a safe way to paint in such an environment? If so, do you think two coats will be enough? I have enclosed a picture of the smelly snot and pus.

Signed,  
*Covered in Smelly Snot and Pus*



Dear Covered in Smelly Snot and Pus —

Two coats of paint is definitely not enough. Always start with a primer, an undercoat, then two additional coats. In your case I think an oil base paint will have more durability and resist the bodily secretions and potential scuff marks from flying furniture you describe. You are wise to be concerned with safety, as should anyone tackling a home improvement project. You should wear an industrial grade hard hat that meets OSHA requirements. A good pair of ear protectors with a noise reduction rating (NRR) of at least 20 will help drown out most of the ungodly noises and racket. In this situation, you may also want to wear a large Crucifix, especially when working on a ladder.

All The Best, Mr. Fix-It





Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My summer house is built over an ancient Indian burial ground. I can put up with the occasional wobbling staircase, moving furniture and nightly wailing of the desecrated spirits, but recently a thick, black, foul-smelling substance has been oozing up through my drains and out of the faucets. You can imagine how hard it is to use the kitchen or bathroom. I've had to cancel several dinner parties as a result. To top it off, the local repair people are all Native Americans and refuse to help me fix the problem. Please find enclosed a snapshot of some of the sludge. I've collected it in one of our wine glasses so as not to have it appear as disgusting as it really is.

Signed, *Baffled in the Country*

Dear Baffled in the Country —

Yours is a common problem. Have a sample of the sludge checked to see if it is merely a backed-up septic tank or the decomposed, violated remains of once-proud indigenous peoples. If it is a septic backup, calling a professional septic tank cleaning service is your easiest solution. Come to think of it, if the sludge is Indian remains, call in the septic tank cleaning service too. That's your name on the deed and you can do with your property whatever you want.

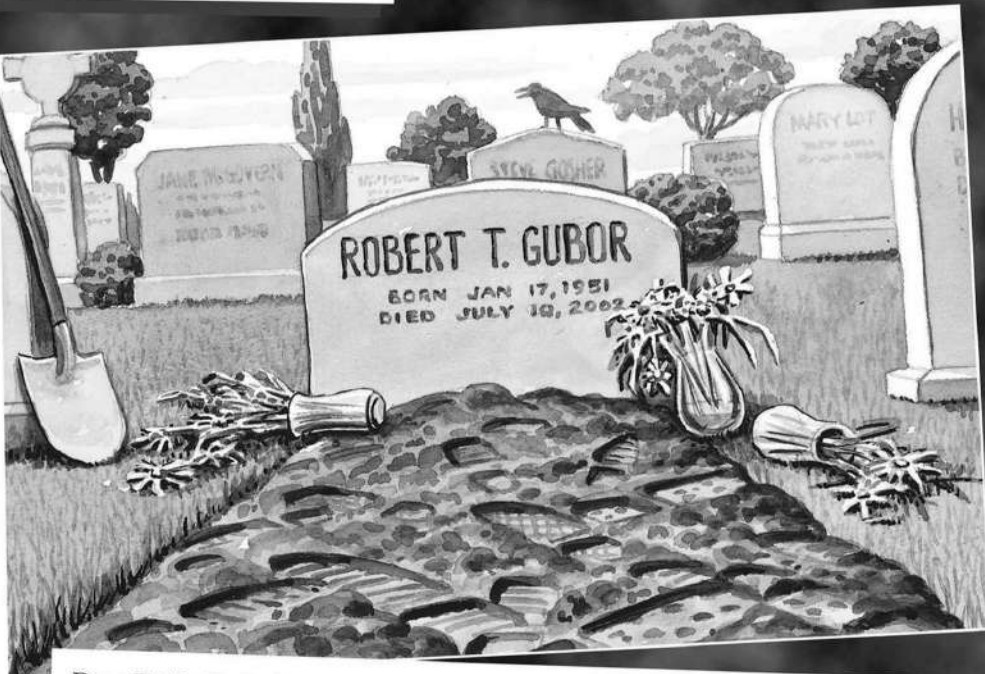
All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*



Dear Mr. Fix-It —

I recently volunteered the use of my brand new home for a séance with some close friends. Halfway through the proceeding, we actually made contact with the deceased husband of one of the women there. Somehow he knew I had been boinking his wife while his body was still warm in the grave. Well, this guy went medieval all over my recently refinished hardwood floors. He left scrapes, scratches, gouges and some kind of burn marks that smell like sulfur. I don't know how he could do so much damage, since he was barely there being from the spirit world and all. You could see right through him, for Christ's sake! Anyway, the estimate for repair and refinishing was through the roof, which is where my blood pressure is quickly going. Is there a cheap and easy way I can do the job myself? I've enclosed a picture of the guy's grave just to show you he's really dead.

Signed, *Fit To Be Refinished*



Dear Fit To Be Refinished —

Never do things the cheap and easy way. But if you must, a sanding machine can be easily rented at any large hardware or home supply store. Sand with rough (#8), then medium (#12), then fine grit (#15) pads in that order. There should be no problems except for one: rented sanding machines are easily possessed by the spirits of irate dead husbands, or at least behave that way. Make sure whomever conducted the séance properly banished the spirit from your premises, and allow for adequate ventilation in the sanding area. If you plan on having more séances there, consider carpeting.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

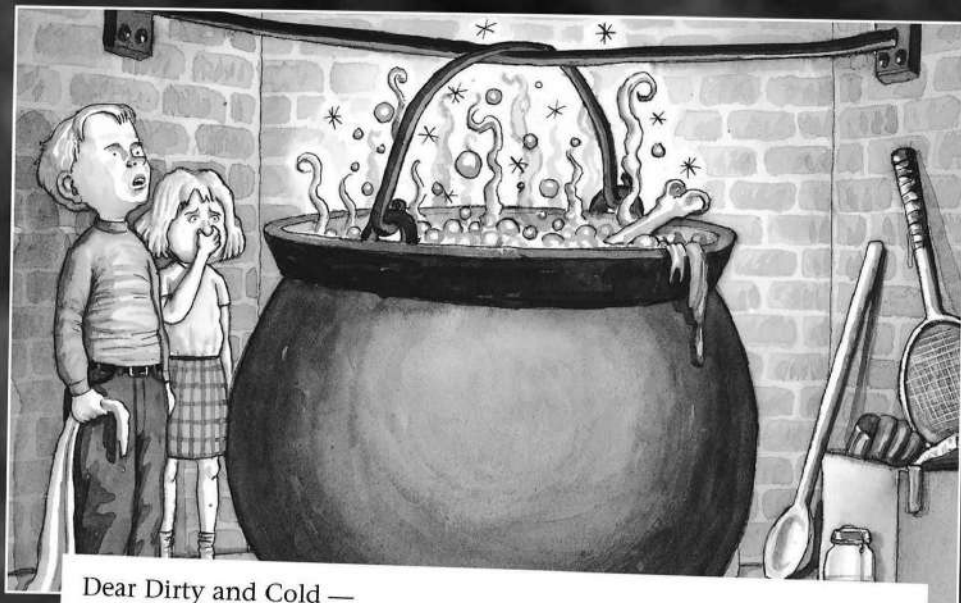


# MR. FIX-IT Tackles your Occult and Paranormal Home Repair Problems

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

It was only after I had closed on my house and moved in that I discovered the hot water heater only works on the witches' sabbath. Since, I'm told, there's only a few of them a year, I fear I might have a lifetime of very few showers and dishwashing opportunities. I'm not particularly concerned about the showers, but my dishes were inherited from my mother and have great sentimental value. I just hate to see them gather so much crusty old food. Is there a way to coax the witches to come to my basement more frequently? I've enclosed a photo of the hot water heater.

Signed, *Dirty and Cold*



Dear Dirty and Cold —

Your photo indicates that what you have there is a good old-fashioned cauldron and not a hot water heater at all. I'm guessing you're a first-time homeowner. These days cauldrons are hard to come by and yours looks like it's 100% cast iron. The proper care and maintenance of a cauldron is very time consuming and expensive and could be dangerous if you don't know what you're doing. I suggest you take it to Sears to their Wiccan-goods department and trade it in for a 45 gallon electric water heater — one that isn't filled with newt's eyes and bat's blood. Sears was doing that for a while until the FTC cracked down.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

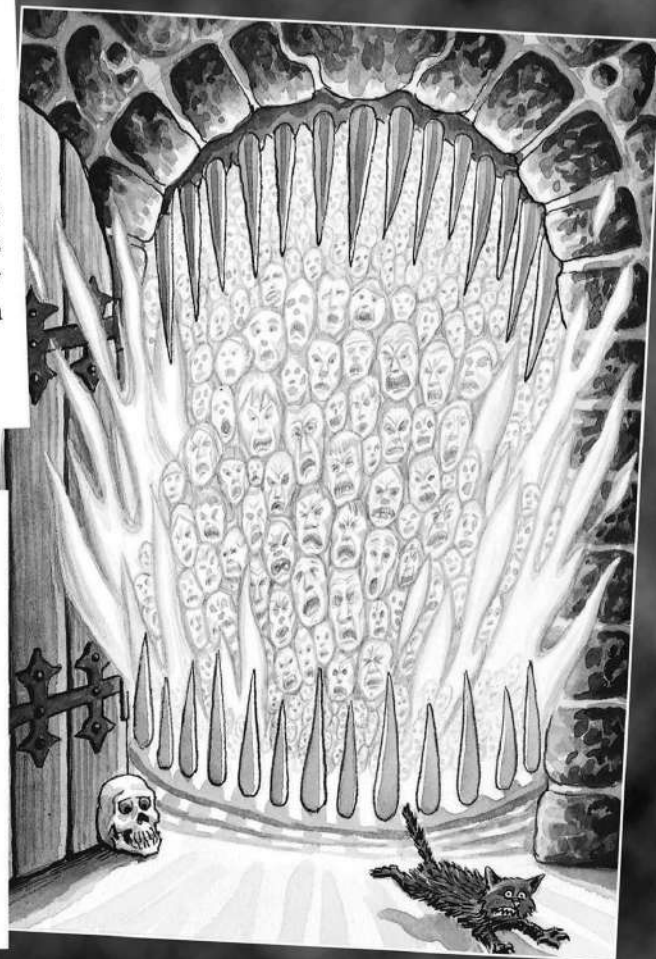
While repairing some water damage in the basement I found what appeared to be the doorway to Hell. At first I thought it was a door to a root cellar or something, but when I opened the thing...well, you wouldn't believe it! I came face to face with all the pain and suffering of the eternally damned; weeping and gnashing of teeth, a burning agony like I've never seen in my entire life. I'd like to know if there's any way of harnessing some of that energy and directing it into my home heating system? If I can do this I think I might be able to save a bundle on fuel costs this winter. I've enclosed a photo of the door.

Signed, *Soon To Be Toasty Warm*

Dear Soon To Be Toasty Warm —

In this era of soaring energy costs and a growing conservation movement, yours is an excellent idea. If you have central heating, the answer may be as simple as running a flexible aluminum heating duct from your newly-found Portal to Hades directly into your system's heat exchanger where it can flow to the vents located throughout your home. If your system is electrically-fired, a solar panel could conceivably convert the energy from the flames licking at the flesh of the everlastingly tormented souls into a virtually inexhaustible supply of usable current. By the way, I think the government offers some substantial tax breaks for those who not only save energy, but use alternative energy sources wisely.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*







Dear Mr. Fix-It —

I think my house might be alive. I can't tell for sure, but whenever I hammer a nail into the wall, I hear a moaning sound or sometimes a whimper. Can this be possible? I've sent along a photo of the house taken last spring after a new paint job.

Signed, Scared Property Owner

Dear Scared Property Owner —

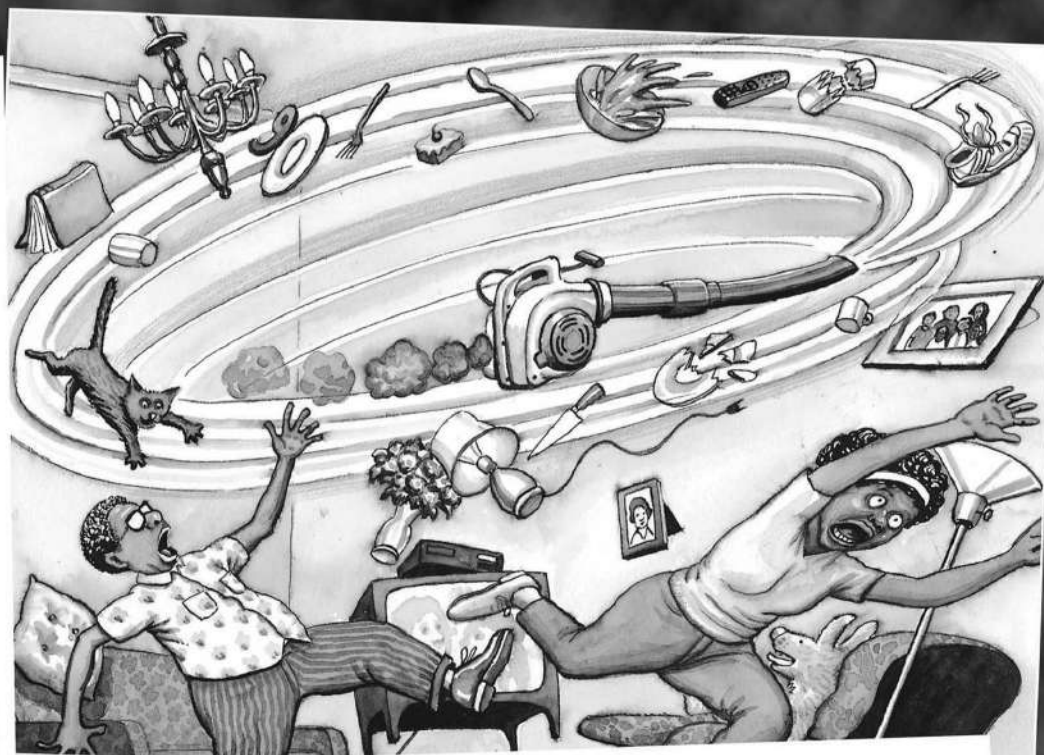
One sure way to tell if your house is alive is to plant a series of plastic explosives at all the major supporting beams and then set them off. If you hear a real loud yell, then your house was alive. If you decide to rebuild, I suggest you use lumber pressure treated with chromated copper arsenate, as nothing can live through the treating process. But just to make sure, drill holes into all the tender joints. If you hear no complaints, simply fill the holes with construction grade wood putty, let dry, then sand as necessary.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My leaf blower is haunted by the ghost of its previous owner. Since I live in an apartment in the middle of a large city, one would think I have no need for a leaf blower, which is true, but it's haunted nonetheless. Whenever I flip the "on" switch a light flashes on the side panel. I'm sure this is being done by the specter of the previous owner because his widow, who I bought the thing from, told me he died as a result of leaf inhalation. So who else could be haunting it? Two more signs it's haunted: besides making an ear-shattering noise when in use, it also flies around the room knocking over and breaking things. Enclosed find a Polaroid of my leaf-free apartment.

Signed, *Leafless*



Dear Leafless—

Have you checked the manual? Sometimes a flashing light indicates the leaf blower is "on," which may explain why it only happens when you turn the unit "on." Placing the blower in a magic circle composed of dirty, dry, dead leaves may eliminate the phantom apparition, but I assure you, this being a leaf blower, the ear-shattering noise and flying around the room will continue.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #419 (JUL 2002)

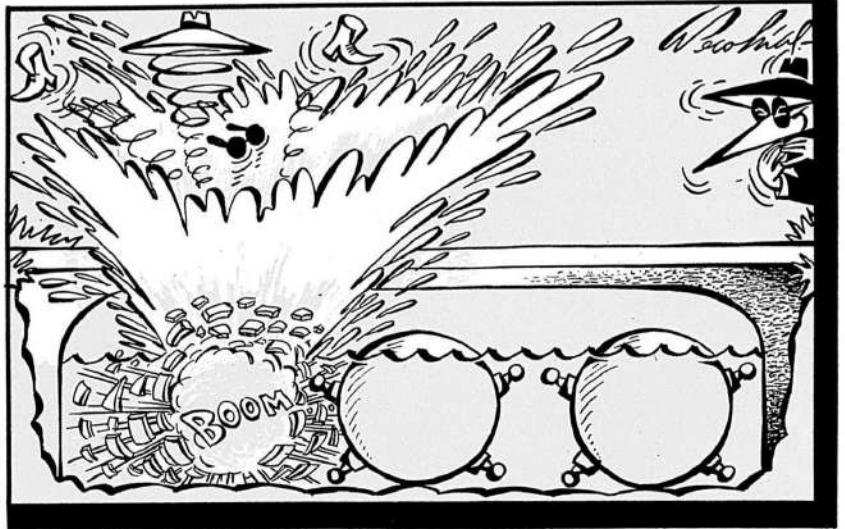
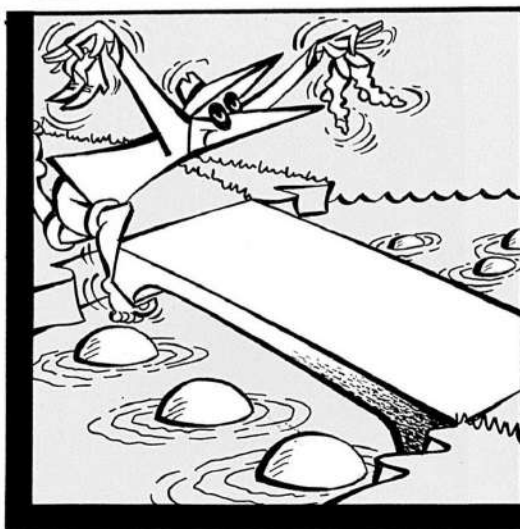
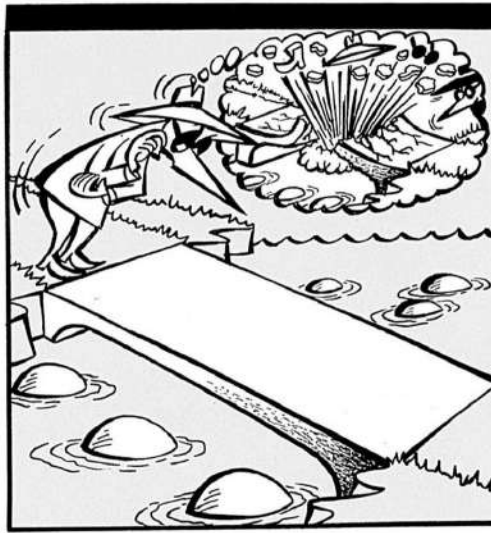
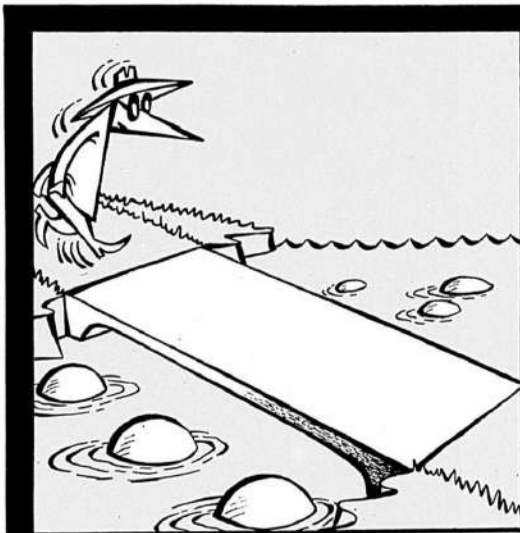






MOOO MOOOO

CHINGO CHINGO CHINGO CHINGO CHINGO CHINGO CHINGO CHINGO CHINGO CHINGO



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #92, JAN 1965







What if *you* could see into the future? What if *you* had the same gift of clairvoyance that's been bestowed on the housewife, and even her children, in a new NBC series? You would be lucky indeed, because then you would know instinctively *not to watch*, because it's pure...

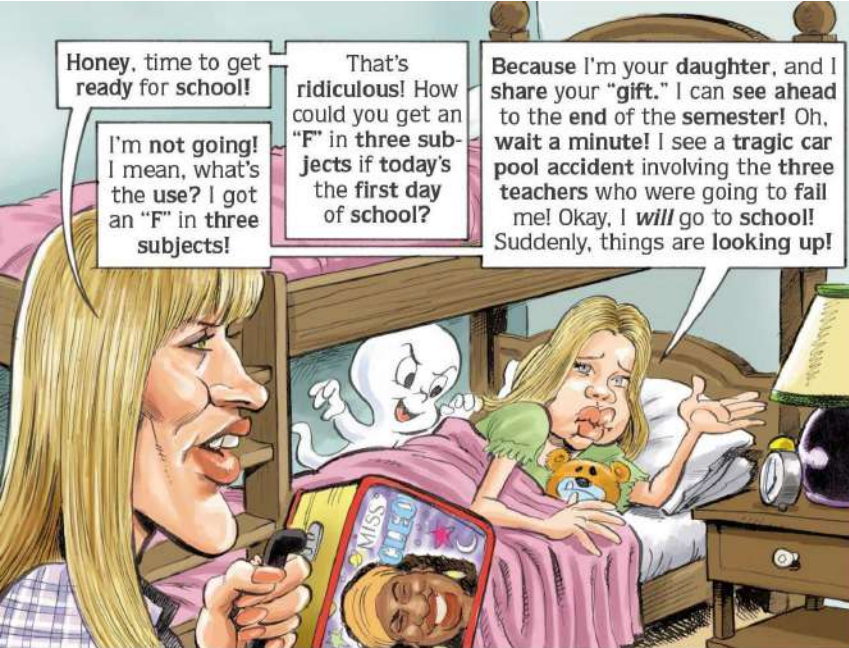
# T E D I U M

What a dream! You were dressed as a circus clown and every time I tried to ask you a serious question, you shot seltzer in my face! The kids took on the body of an octopus and were squeezing the life out of me! And D.A. Devious, my boss, was hurling sharp knives and trying to stab me in the back! All I can say is "Yes! I finally had a *fun* dream! One that I don't have to examine every little detail of to see if there was some hidden psychological meaning!"

Here's something else you don't have to examine too deeply for hidden psychological meaning! If you keep me up one more night with your screaming and rantings about cockamamie dreams with murders and dead people talking to you, I'm going to hit you in the face with something — and it ain't gonna be a shot of seltzer!





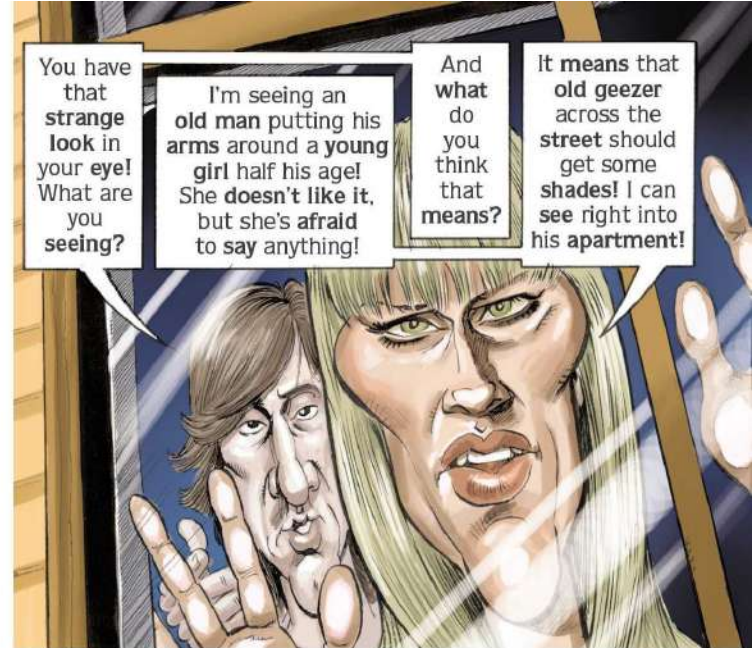


Honey, time to get ready for school!

I'm not going! I mean, what's the use? I got an "F" in three subjects!

That's ridiculous! How could you get an "F" in three subjects if today's the first day of school?

Because I'm your daughter, and I share your "gift." I can see ahead to the end of the semester! Oh, wait a minute! I see a tragic car pool accident involving the three teachers who were going to fail me! Okay, I *will* go to school! Suddenly, things are looking up!

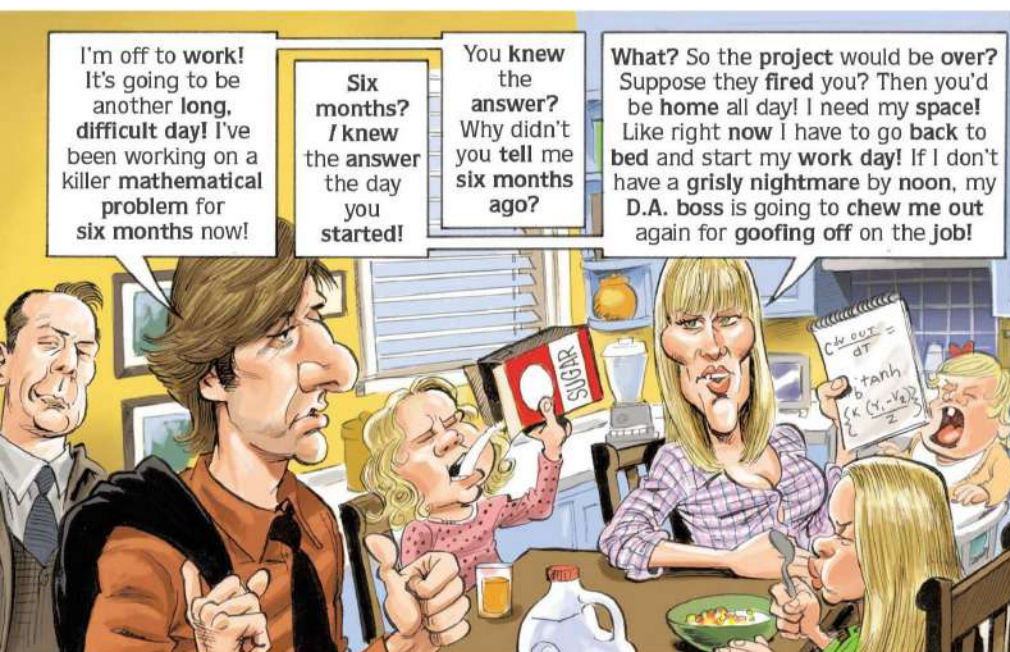


You have that strange look in your eye! What are you seeing?

I'm seeing an old man putting his arms around a young girl half his age! She doesn't like it, but she's afraid to say anything!

And what do you think that means?

It means that old geezer across the street should get some shades! I can see right into his apartment!

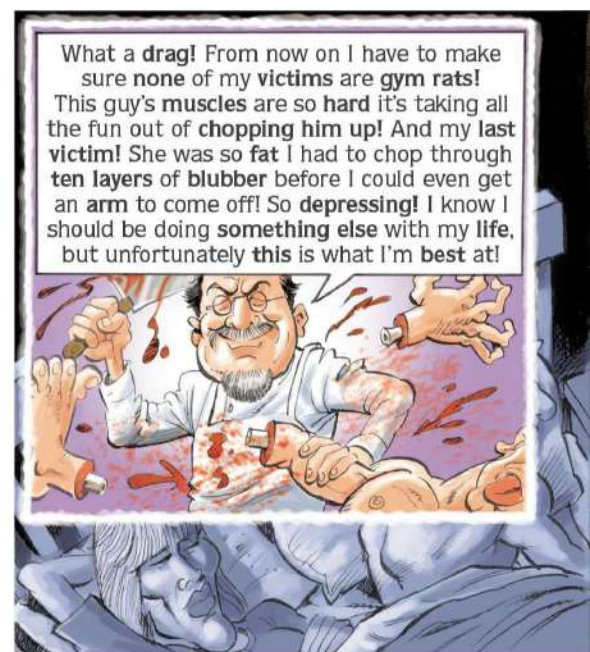


I'm off to work! It's going to be another long, difficult day! I've been working on a killer mathematical problem for six months now!

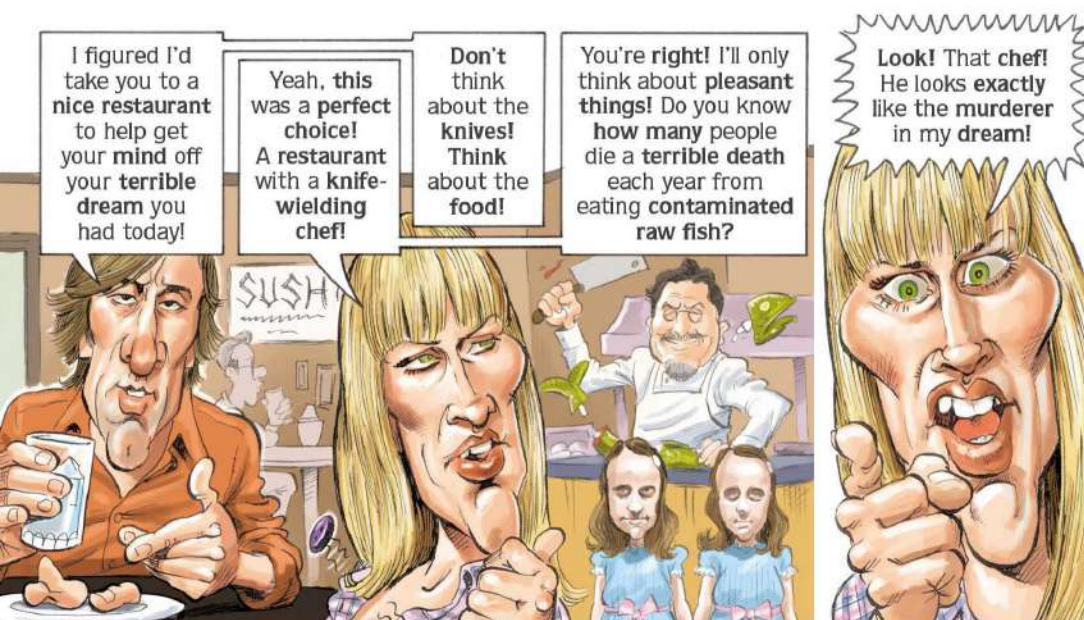
Six months? I knew the answer the day you started!

You knew the answer? Why didn't you tell me six months ago?

What? So the project would be over? Suppose they fired you? Then you'd be home all day! I need my space! Like right now I have to go back to bed and start my work day! If I don't have a grisly nightmare by noon, my D.A. boss is going to chew me out again for goofing off on the job!



What a drag! From now on I have to make sure none of my victims are gym rats! This guy's muscles are so hard it's taking all the fun out of chopping him up! And my last victim! She was so fat I had to chop through ten layers of blubber before I could even get an arm to come off! So depressing! I know I should be doing something else with my life, but unfortunately this is what I'm best at!



I figured I'd take you to a nice restaurant to help get your mind off your terrible dream you had today!

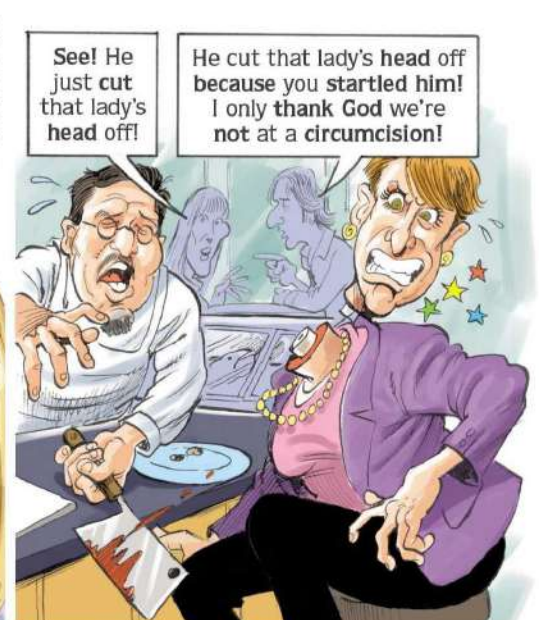
Yeah, this was a perfect choice! A restaurant with a knife-wielding chef!

Don't think about the knives! Think about the food!

You're right! I'll only think about pleasant things! Do you know how many people die each year from eating contaminated raw fish?



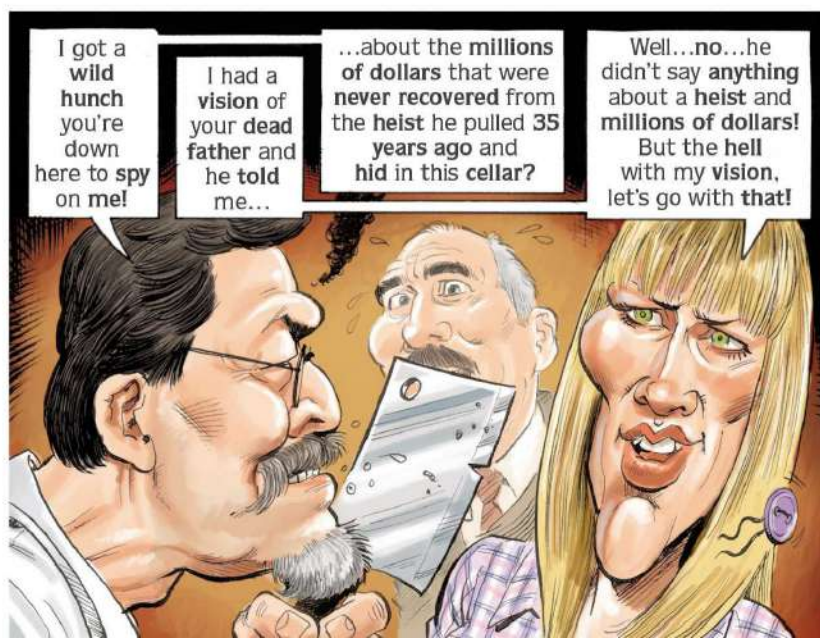
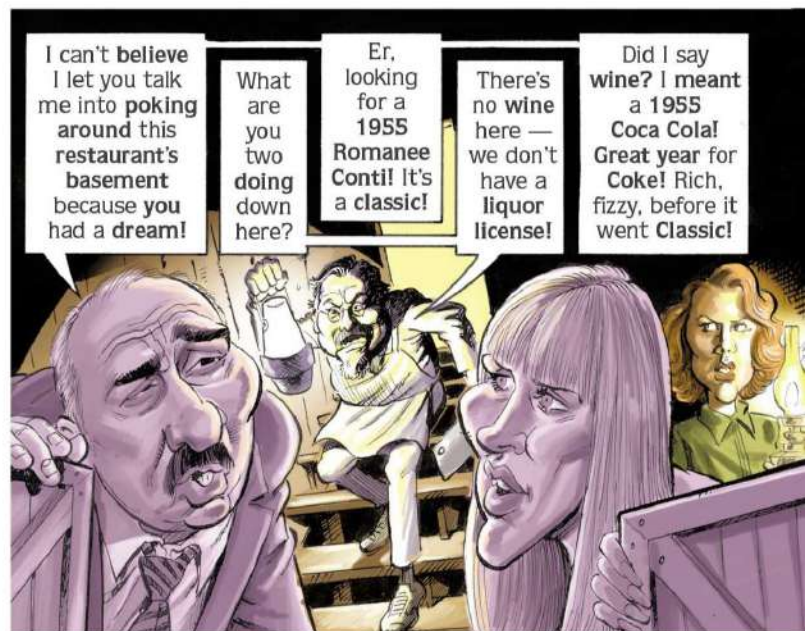
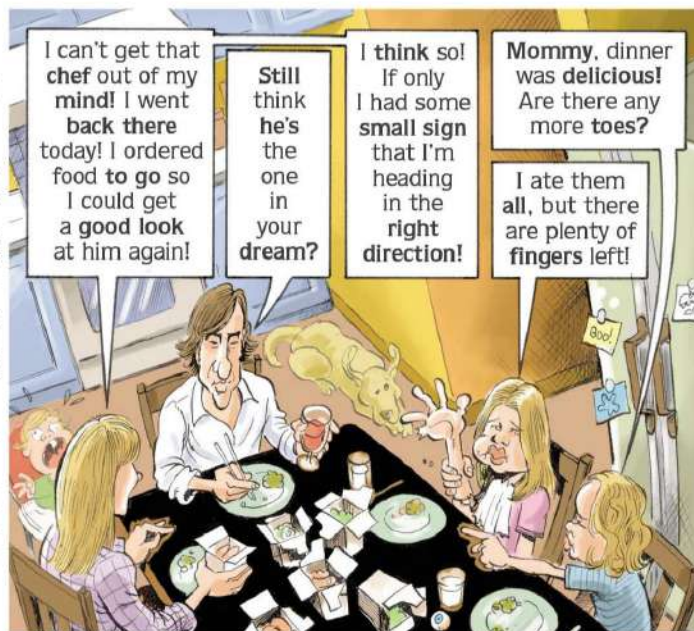
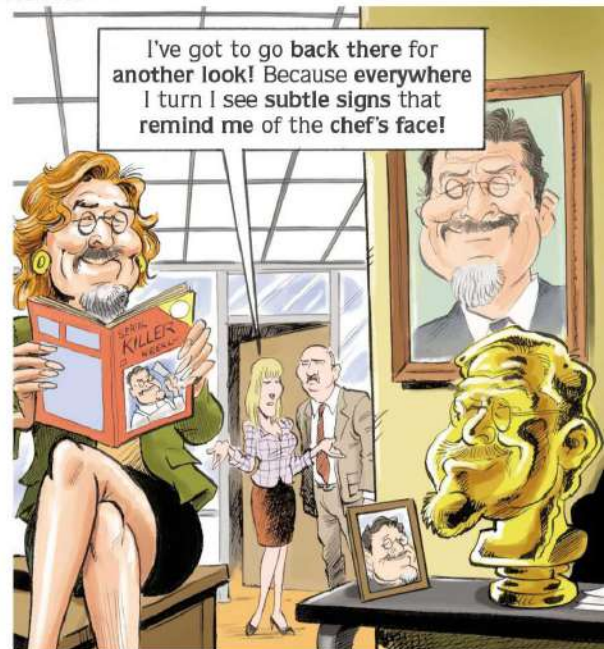
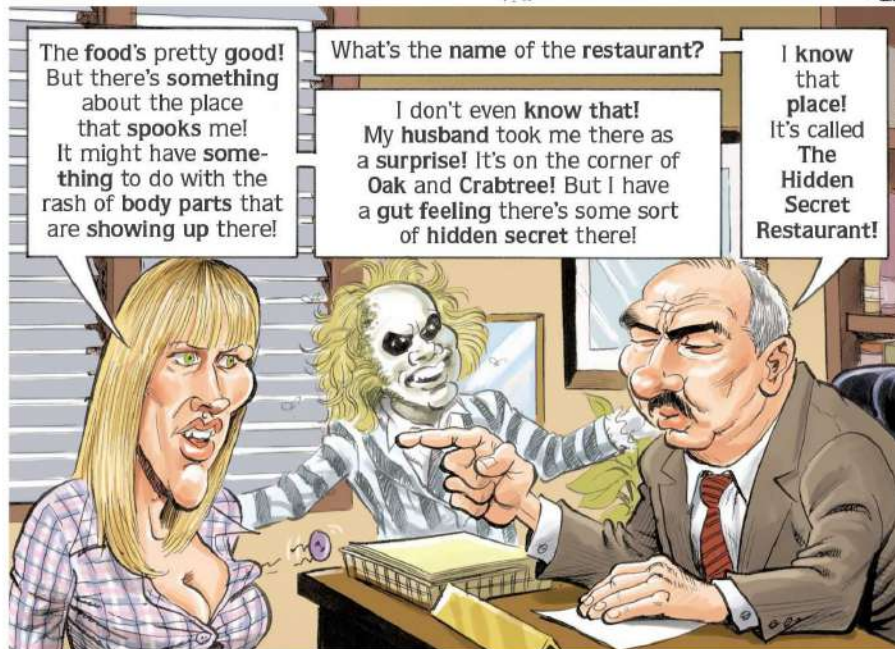
Look! That chef! He looks exactly like the murderer in my dream!



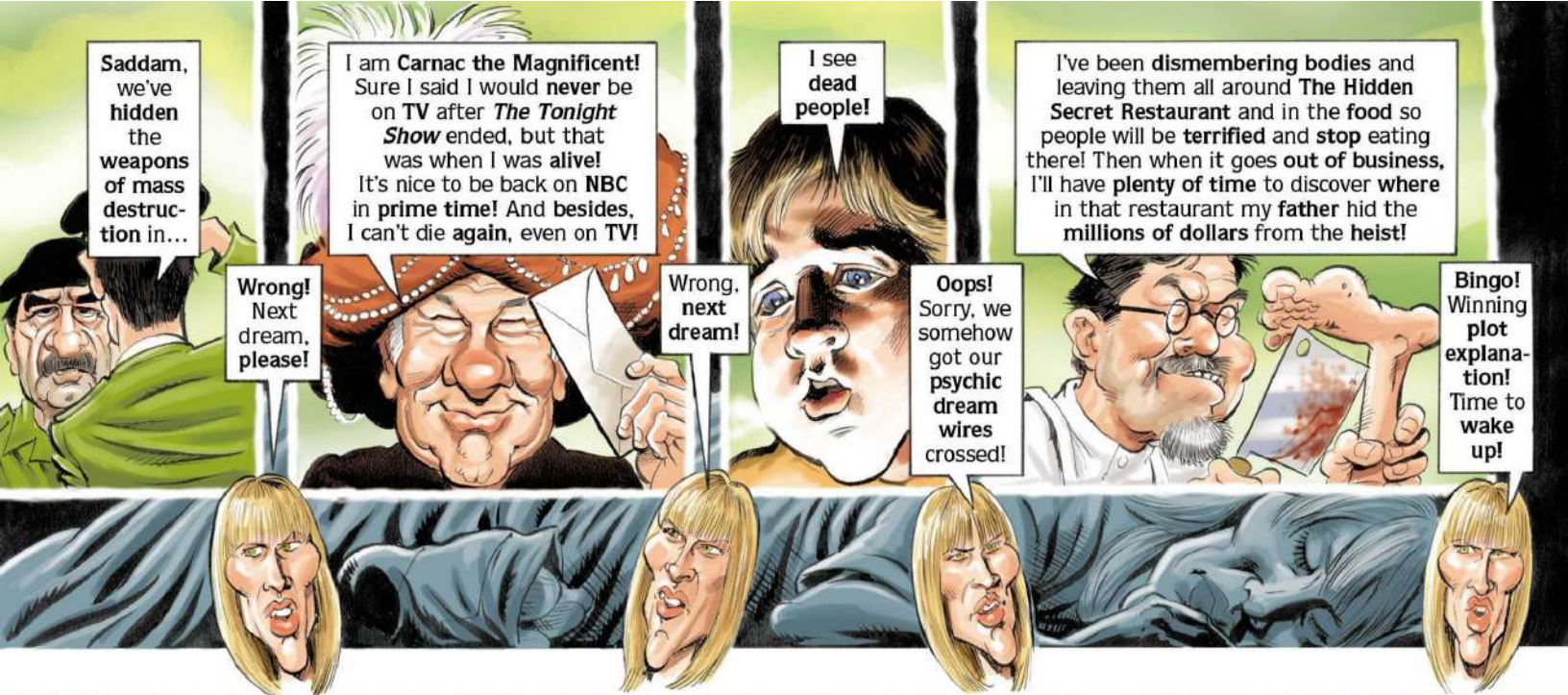
See! He just cut that lady's head off!

He cut that lady's head off because you startled him! I only thank God we're not at a circumcision!









Saddam, we've hidden the weapons of mass destruction in...

Wrong! Next dream, please!

I am Carnac the Magnificent! Sure I said I would never be on TV after *The Tonight Show* ended, but that was when I was alive! It's nice to be back on NBC in prime time! And besides, I can't die again, even on TV!

Wrong, next dream!

I see dead people!

Oops! Sorry, we somehow got our psychic dream wires crossed!

I've been dismembering bodies and leaving them all around The Hidden Secret Restaurant and in the food so people will be terrified and stop eating there! Then when it goes out of business, I'll have plenty of time to discover where in that restaurant my father hid the millions of dollars from the heist!

Bingo! Winning plot explanation! Time to wake up!



We arrested the chef! We caught him in the parking lot dismembering two more customers!

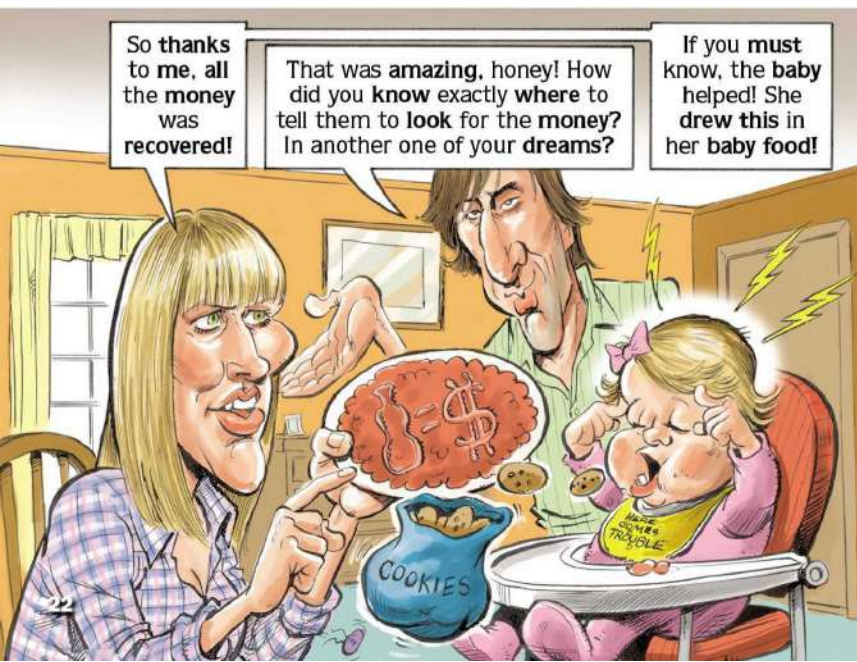
I know! I just spoke to the owner of the restaurant! He was very upset! He was especially angry that the chef dismembered the customers *before* they paid! He needs all the business he can get!

We still haven't found where the money is hidden, though!

I know where it is! There's a little bit of cash hidden in every one of these soda bottles! Three million dollars and 95 cents worth!

95 cents?

The deposits on the bottles!



So thanks to me, all the money was recovered!

That was amazing, honey! How did you know exactly where to tell them to look for the money? In another one of your dreams?

If you must know, the baby helped! She drew this in her baby food!



The baby! OK, that's it! First you're having conversations with the dead, then our two daughters start having weird visions, then your brother and now our baby! Who's next, the dog? I can't take this anymore! I'm leaving you!

Leaving me? Wow, I didn't see *that* coming!

I did!





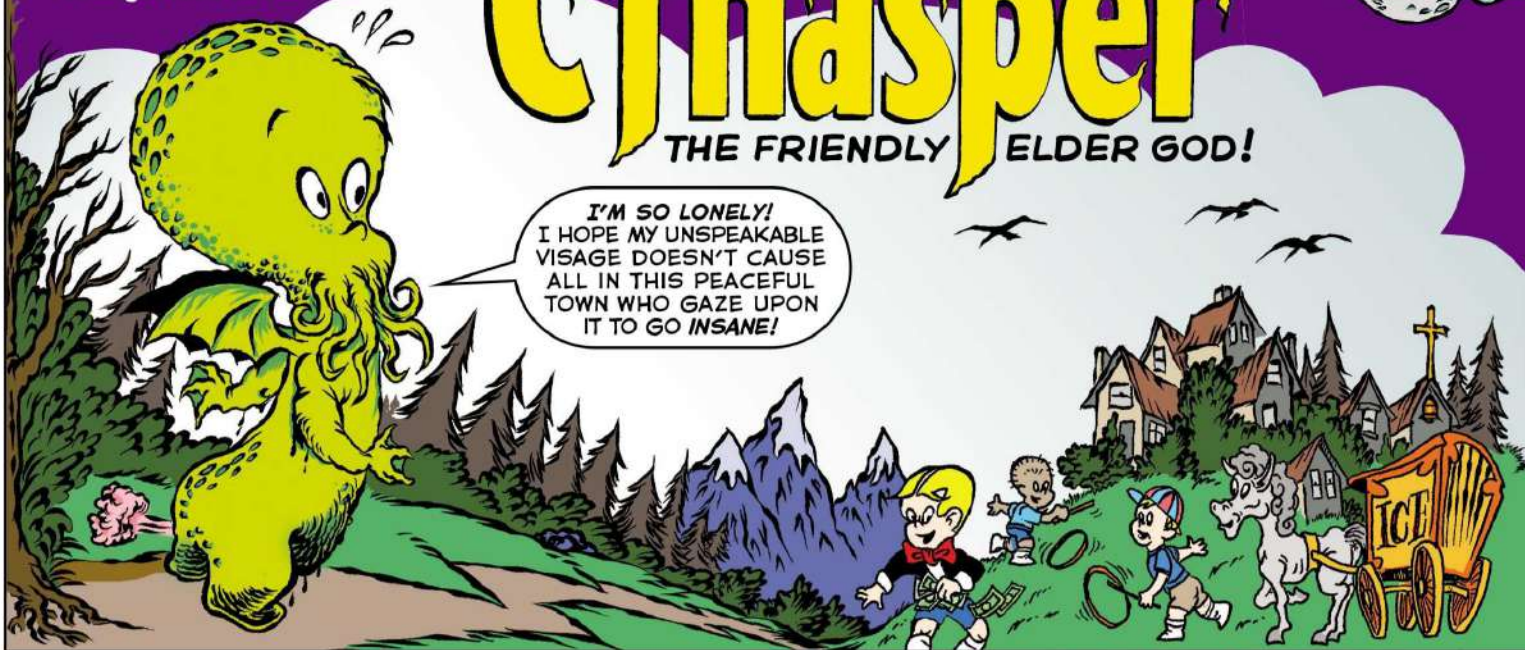
LOVECRAFT ACTUALLY DEPT.

What if H.P. Lovecraft wrote children's comics?  
It might look like...

# Cthasper

THE FRIENDLY ELDER GOD!

I'M SO LONELY!  
I HOPE MY UNSPEAKABLE  
VISAGE DOESN'T CAUSE  
ALL IN THIS PEACEFUL  
TOWN WHO GAZE UPON  
IT TO GO INSANE!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #4, DEC 2018



WRITER PETER-JOHN BYRNES ARTIST NICK "THE HAT" GUCKER





NOTHIN' SAYS LOVIN' LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE COVEN DEPT.

Recently, we gave four blank pages to two idiots. They planned to use the four pages to create a hysterically funny movie parody.

However, things did not go as planned. This is all that remains.

# THE BLAND WITCH PROJECT

I'm Heifer! I want to escape the woods, and I want to somehow survive this horror! But what I really want is to **direct!** I have a vision! So what if that vision is blurry and shakes all over the place? As you'll see, I like to film the **exact same stuff** over again and again — so I'm already as good a director as Spike Lee! The only trouble is, what happens to me in this movie is the **ULTIMATE** one-picture deal! Forget about any sequels!

I'm Squash, and I came here to answer a **mysterious question!** And no, that question is **NOT** "Hey, aren't you the guy who used to be in the Spin Doctors?" A lot of things that happen in this movie **get me angry!** But what pisses me off most of all is something that doesn't happen! I'm the only long-haired dude in the history of horror movies who **DOESN'T** get laid moments before he gets killed!

I'm Meatball! I wear a snug, form-fitting outfit throughout the movie! Unfortunately, it's a poncho! I'm the voice of reason who raises some **troubling issues** about this whole project! However, I wait until we're in the middle of a **freakin' forest** to raise those issues! Okay, so my timing's a tad off! When we get back to civilization, I might buy some Microsoft stock — I have a feeling it could be worth something someday!

I'm Heifer again! Since there's only a grand total of **three characters** in this whole damn movie, it's tough for MAD to fill out this intro panel! So, how do you like this caricature of me from a different angle? Neat, huh?

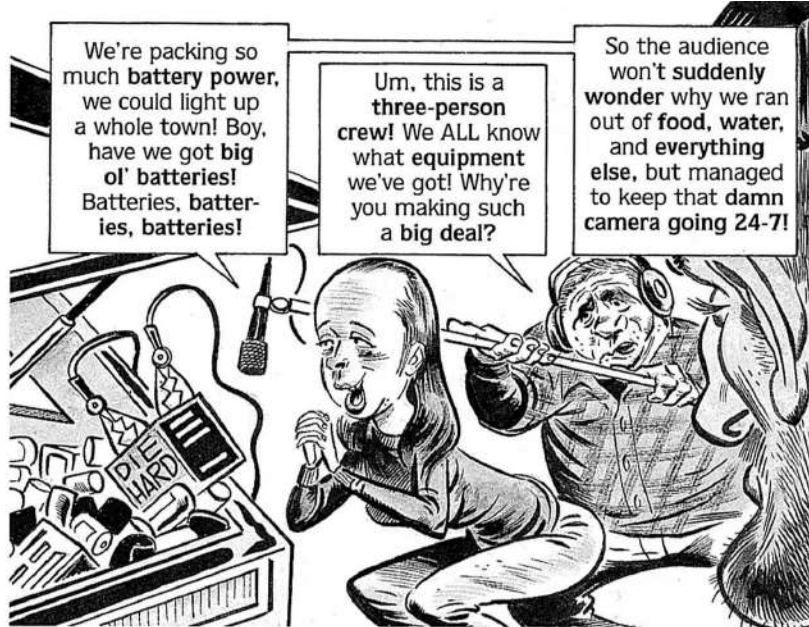


Hi, I'm Myluck and this is Saycheez! We're the directors of this "documentary"! We sent our actors into the woods **without a script**, and made them do all the filming work! To create the **realistic feel** of this movie, we made our actors **sleep in dirt**, fall into cold water, eat buggo food, go without sleep and freeze their asses off! We originally got the idea while we were head counselors at summer camp!

Hi, I'm Calista Flockhart! I came to learn some diet tips from those spooky wooden stick men that are all over the forest! I'm so **envious** of them! No matter how **carefully** I eat, I just can't get below a 12-inch waist!

WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST BILL WRAY





We're packing so much **battery power**, we could light up a whole town! Boy, have we got **big ol' batteries!** Batteries, batteries, batteries!

Um, this is a **three-person crew!** We ALL know what equipment we've got! Why're you making such a big deal?

So the audience won't suddenly wonder why we ran out of food, water, and everything else, but managed to keep that damn camera going 24-7!



"In 1882, a man known only as 'G. Harb' kidnapped 12 children! He tied them up, put apples in their mouths and brought them down to his basement! He took the ax he found embedded in his father's tombstone..."

Oh my God, what could possibly be more frightening?

Oh, gee, I dunno... how about spending nine bucks for a movie and not seeing that, or anything else, happen!



We're filming a documentary! Do you believe there was a **Bland Witch?**

Of course I do! I'd better! I built my entire business on it! Wanna buy a **Bland Witch poster?** A pointy hat? A T-shirt?

Sure, I met the **Bland Witch** once! I saw her floating over my head!

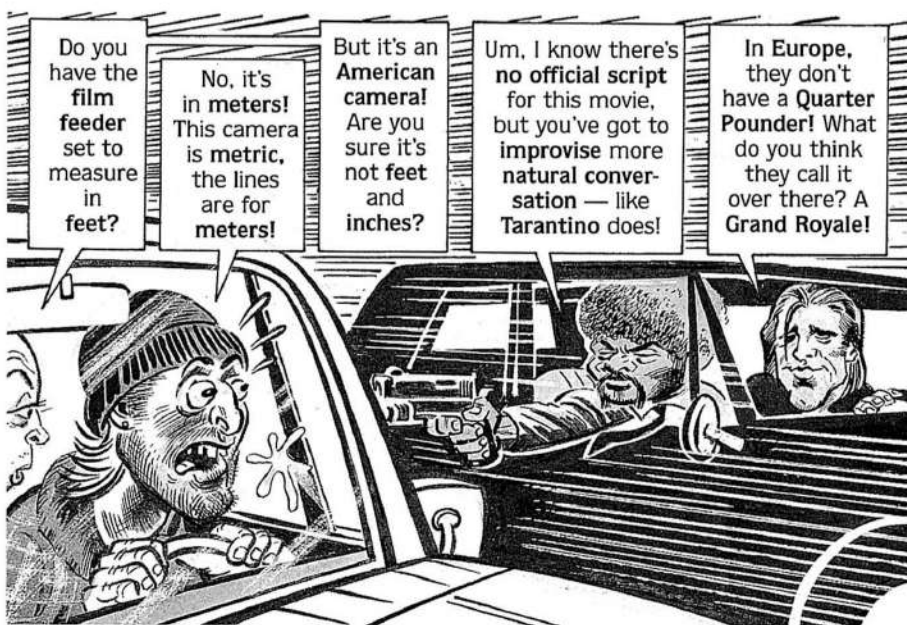
So it's true! What'd she look like?

She was eleven feet tall, transparent, and covered with thick hair!

Yes, go on!

And she told me she would return to get her revenge! On April 6, 2000, the night before Adam Sandler wins the Best Actor Oscar for *Big Daddy*!

Okay, shut the camera off! This woman's clearly a wackjob!



Do you have the film feeder set to measure in feet?

No, it's in meters! This camera is metric, the lines are for meters!

But it's an American camera! Are you sure it's not feet and inches?

Um, I know there's no official script for this movie, but you've got to improvise more natural conversation — like Tarantino does!

In Europe, they don't have a **Quarter Pounder!** What do you think they call it over there? A **Grand Royale!**

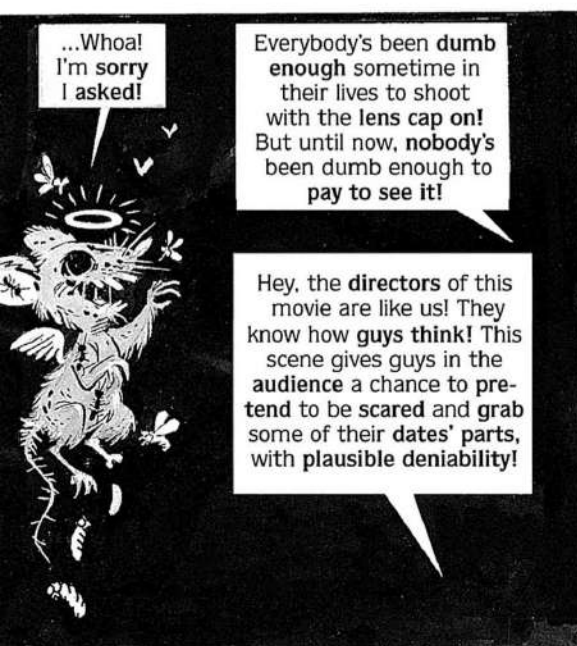
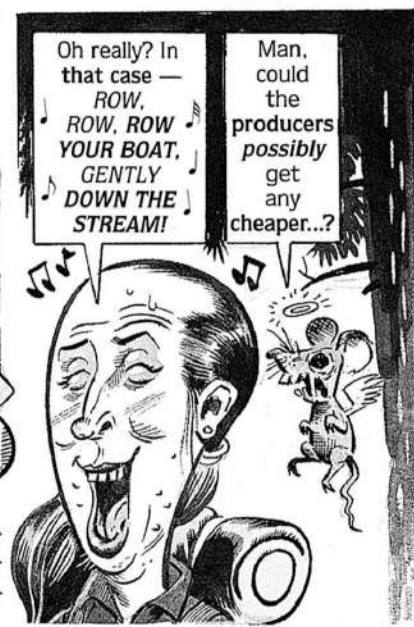
Well, here we are in the forest, and — YIKES, talk about horror! It's like a scene from a Hitchcock flick — if Hitchcock directed topless!

The audience is dying to see a pair of breasts, and they get his?

Please, in the name of God, put those away before it gets cold and his nipples get hard and REALLY gross us out!











Let's  
get  
outta  
here!  
Run!  
Run!  
RUN!

If we get out of this alive, I think this unique style of natural camerawork can attract a whole new audience to the movie theatres!

Yeah?  
Like  
who?

The  
blind!



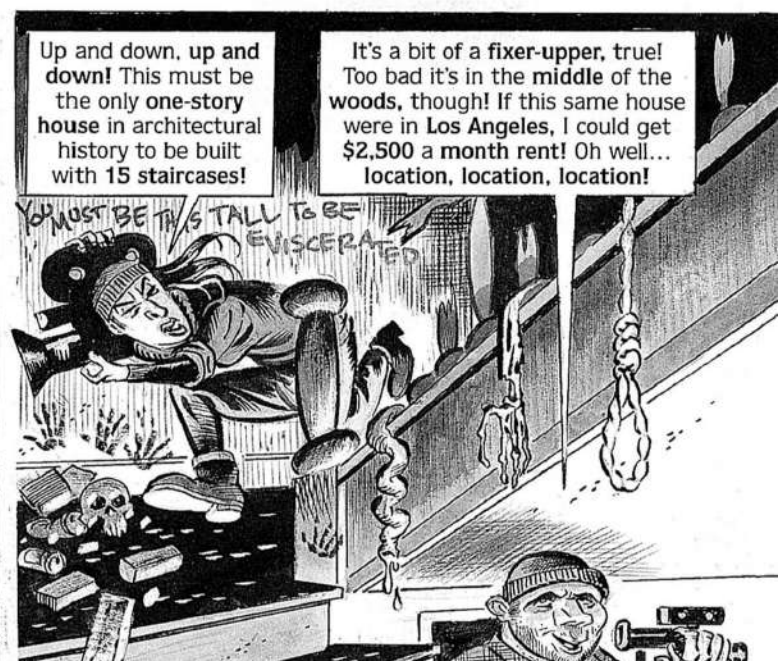
I'm sorry I got us all lost in the woods! I'm sorry I left the headlights on when we parked the car! I'm sorry I went to the bathroom in a patch of poison ivy two days ago! I'm sorry I have a quivery booger in my left nostril that's about four feet tall when you see it on a movie screen! And I'm really, really sorry this scene looks like an outtake from an Alanis Morissette video!



Hey, guys, did you remember to bring my teeth with you? They're feeding me pork chops in here, and it's not easy!

What a scary place! It looks like the Unabomber's summer vacation villa! Do you think this wreck belonged to the Bland Witch?

If it did, I'll bet she never got back her security deposit!



Up and down, up and down! This must be the only one-story house in architectural history to be built with 15 staircases!

It's a bit of a fixer-upper, true! Too bad it's in the middle of the woods, though! If this same house were in Los Angeles, I could get \$2,500 a month rent! Oh well... location, location, location!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #387, NOV 1999



Oh my God,  
oh my God!  
Who's that  
in the  
corner?

Oh, what a treat! One measly camera shot for ME at last! I'm only the freakin' BLAND WITCH! Wouldn't it be nice if I was allowed to make a lousy cameo appearance in my OWN FREAKIN' MOVIE!? And hold it steady! None of this shaky MTV camera crapola for MY beauty shot!

Get me a rewrite! I want my part punched up! And I haven't seen dime one from merchandising, either! I want back-end money on this sucker, IN WRITING! If I'm gonna get screwed, you'd better buy me dinner first! What? 12% of net? Take net and shove it! Gross, dollface, gross! I don't care if Ovitz IS poolside! Do you like your job? Two minutes, or you can tell your boss I'm married to the Tri-Star deal! I'll ruin you...!



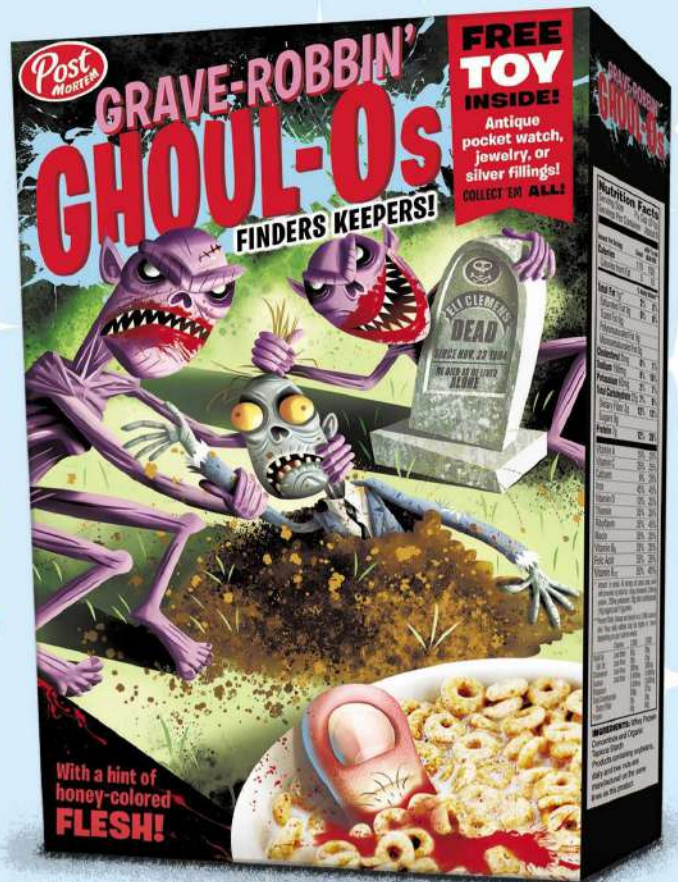




Remember the good old days of spooky breakfast kibble like Count Chocula and Franken Berry? Back when cereal was 100 percent sugar, dental work was affordable, and your free toothbrush at the dentist came with a little bottle of laudanum? Those days (and teeth) may be long gone, but what's important is that you've refused to move on. With that in mind, we've dug up some old...

# REJECTED MONSTER CEREALS

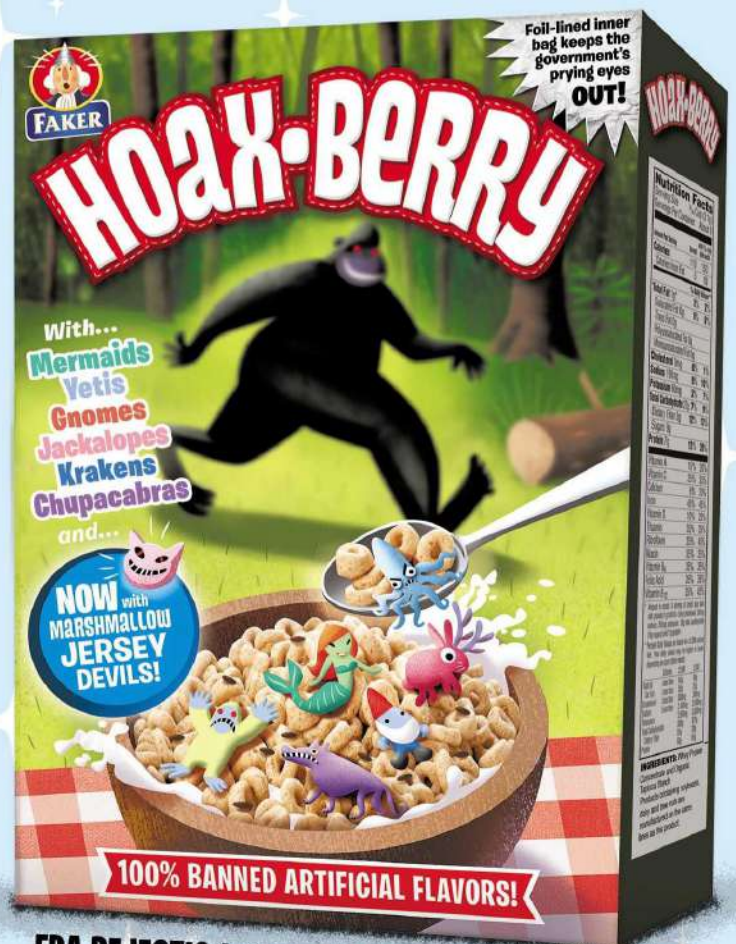
WRITER **JEFF KRUSE** ARTIST **DEAN MACADAM**



**FDA REJECTION** "High probability of children choking on/being cursed by free toys."

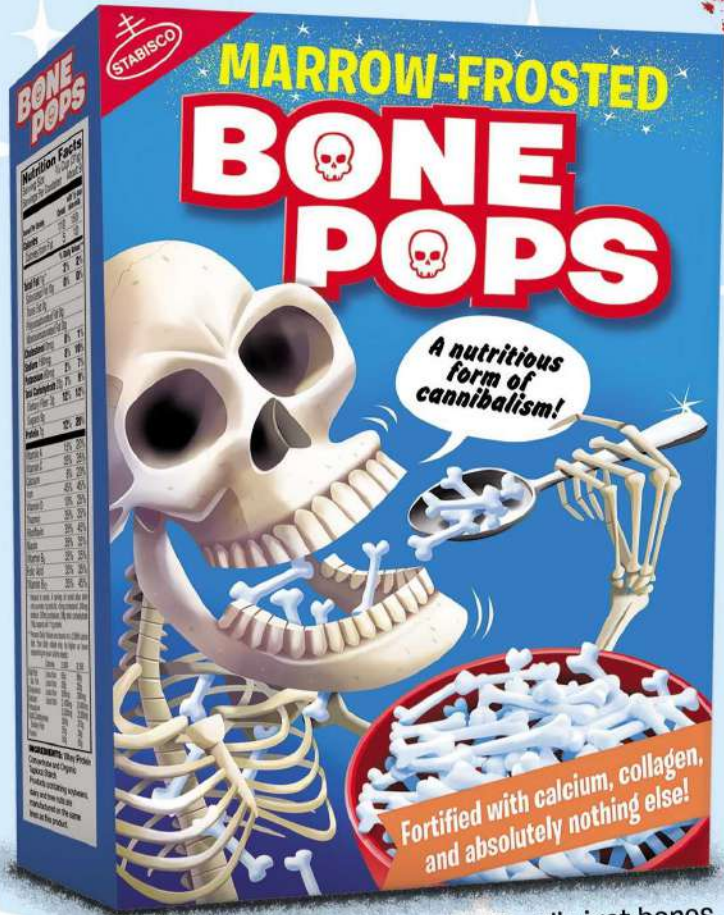


**FDA REJECTION** "All FDA testers mysteriously found naked and dead."

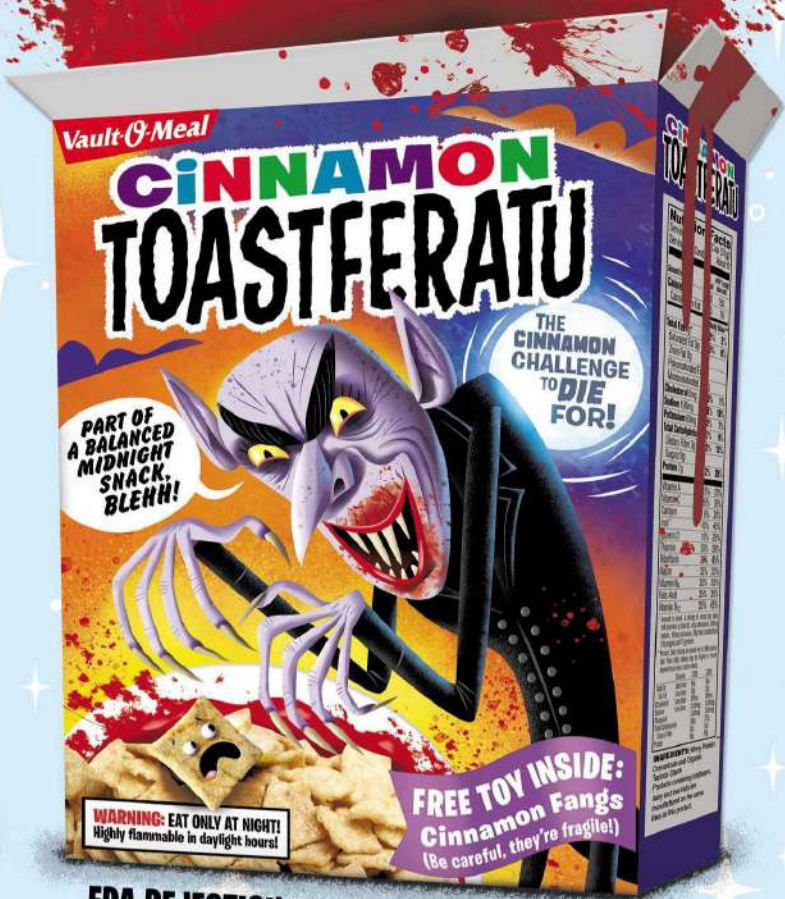


**FDA REJECTION** "Found to have more than double the amount of rat feces allowed."

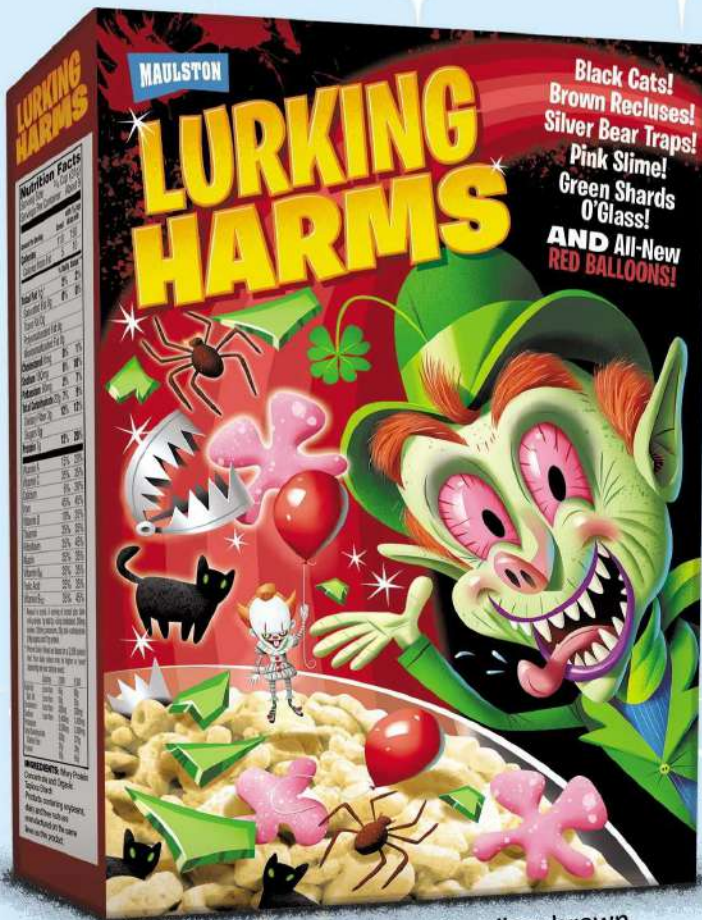




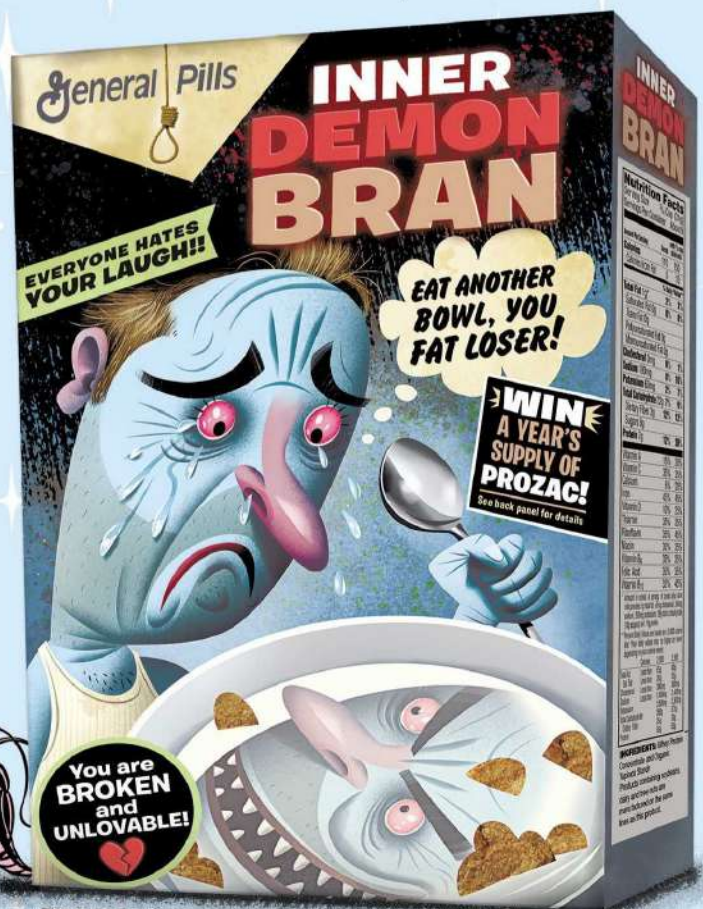
**FDA REJECTION** "These are literally just bones. Manufacturer is not even trying."



**FDA REJECTION** "Even in our dimly lit offices, the box screamed when we opened it."



**FDA REJECTION** "Marshmallow brown recluses full of real spider eggs."



**FDA REJECTION** "Results in outer demons in the bathroom, if you know what we mean."





When picking a psychic, you have to be careful. If you rush into things, you might end up with a phoney baloney fortune teller that's completely full of crap! But if you do your research, you'll wind up with a phoney baloney fortune teller who's just *mostly* full of crap! It's a delicate science to pick the frauds from the superfrauds, and MAD is happy to provide these:

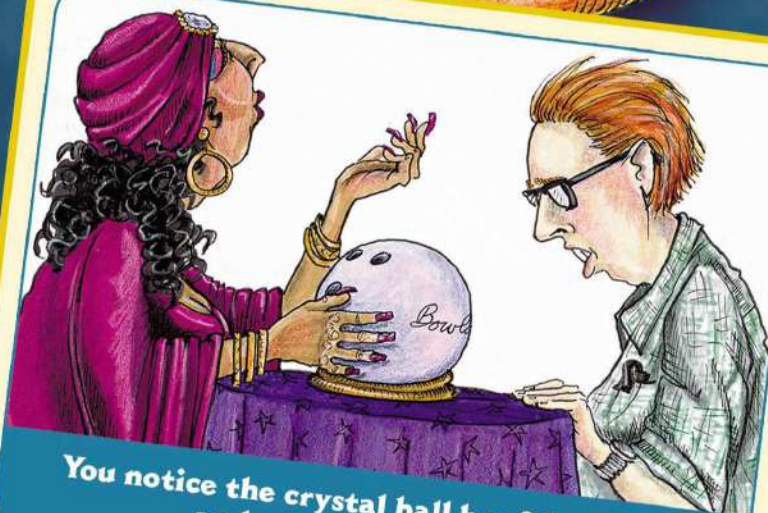
# TELL-TALE SIGNS

## THAT YOU'VE GOT A REALLY BAD PSYCHIC

... um, then Your big brother, Mike, thinks about starting a band, but Your kooky neighbor, um, I can't remember his name—but it's NOT MR. ROPER—he causes a stink, and then...



He predicts what you know, for a fact, to be an entire episode of *Growing Pains*.



You notice the crystal ball has 3 holes in it and a "Bowleroo" logo.

Gosh, I wonder if that's Aunt Helen coming through?



His trance state involves a lot of snoring.



Your lucky numbers are sensed through the energy your credit card emits.



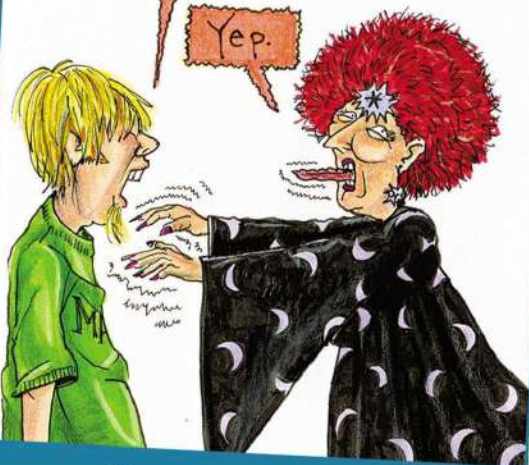
...oh Yes, and take comfort in knowing she's experiencing absolutely zero static cling!



An article of clothing from your missing cousin reveals she is somewhere Downy fresh.

Wow. So I'm gonna have to pee soon, huh?

Yep.



She can only predict twenty minutes into the future.

I don't know where it comes from-I JUST KNOW-I'm talking four, five bucks a gallon.



She keeps getting a strong image of you paying more at the pump.

hugnngh... graaack... guhhhcka... hutah...



All the dead people you want to contact mysteriously "have laryngitis."

Oooh. Not good. You just pulled yourself a Giancarlo Alvarado... GASP!!! with a Taylor Teagarden Rising!



Your reading is done with baseball cards instead of Tarot cards.





Today, there is a growing interest in Psychic Phenomena. This includes such fascinating fields as Extra-Sensory Perception, Psychokinesis, Psychic Healing, Time Hypnosis, Plant Communication and other mind-blowing things. And so, it won't be long before some smart publisher gets the message and puts out a magazine to appeal to the people who dig this sort of thing. Something like—

# MIND POWER

The Magazine Of Extra-Sensory Perception, Parapsychology, Psychic Phenomenon, Psychokinesis And Other Spooky Stuff.

June 1976

75c

UNLESS YOU CAN  
HYPNOTIZE THE  
NEWSDEALER

**A BUDGET-MINDED  
PSYCHIC CONFESSES:**  
"I Never Use My Phone Any  
More! Now, I Use Telepathy  
To Make My Obscene Calls!"  
\* \* \* \*

**A MAN SENT BACK IN TIME  
VIA HYPNOSIS REPORTS:**  
"In A Previous Life, I Was  
The Neanderthal Who  
Invented The Square Wheel!"  
\* \* \* \*

**A MIND READING  
SEER DISCLOSES:**  
"I Have The Power To Read  
Your Innermost Thoughts  
... And You Should Be  
Ashamed Of Yourself!"  
\* \* \* \*

**AN E.S.P. DAREDEVIL'S  
THRILLING ACCOMPLISHMENT:**  
"I Drove 2 Miles Blindfolded:  
1 Block In My Car ... And Then  
39 Blocks In An Ambulance!"  
\* \* \* \*

**A POLITICAL PROPHET  
REVIEWS HIS TRIUMPHS:**  
"In The 1972 Presidential  
Election, I Predicted Who  
Would Be The Loser ...  
The American Public!"  
\* \* \* \*

**A SPINSTER PSYCHIC  
RELUCTANTLY ADMITS:**  
"I Have Lived Before, And  
It Was Just As Dull Then!"  
\* \* \* \*

**A DISAPPOINTED AGRONOMIST CLAIMS:**  
"I Actually Speak To My Plants, But All  
They Want To Talk About Is The Weather!"





# PSYCHIC PHENOMENONSENSE

Goings-On...In And Out Of This World

by Omar Pinsky

**DIDJA HEAR ABOUT** skeptic Harold Gast? He's been toiling night and day on his forthcoming book which will disprove the existence of an Afterlife. Harold is calling his book "There Certainly Is No Life After Death!" and he's been working 20 hours a day on it with no time for anything else. Well, now Harold's wife is also writing a book, and she's calling hers "There Certainly Is No Life After Marriage!"

\* \* \* \*

**BOO, HISS DEPT.** Shame on Mind-Reader Rudolph Sig-mathy! During his performance at the Bijou Theater last week, he asked people in the audience to send various personal objects to the stage, and claimed that he would identify the owners by simply feeling the objects. When his Assistant handed him the collection of watches, wallets, coins, bills and jewelry, and asked the great Mind-Reader to whom they be-longed, Rudolph shouted, "To ME!" and ran from the theater into a waiting car. (That wasn't nice, Rudy! I hope your aura gets blown away in a stiff wind!)

\* \* \* \*

**OVERSEAS HAPPENINGS:** While slashing through a field of sugar cane with his machete, Sergio Macho heard what he thought was a cry of pain. And since Sergio never believed that plants had feelings, he was startled. As he looked down, he was shocked to dis-cover where the cries were coming from. They were coming from Sergio, who had accidentally slashed his own leg with his machete. (Now you know how plants feel, eh, Sergi?)



"I STILL DON'T BELIEVE in Voodoo!" maintains die-hard explorer Timberwolf Bane, who recently granted Yours Truly an exclusive interview from the matchbox in which he now lives. (Keep talking, Tiny Timb! Heh-heh!)

\* \* \* \*

**SEEN AT A SEANCE DEPT.** Last week, Medium Gretta Grepps conjured up the spirit of Benedict Arnold. Seems ol' Benedict was mighty teed off after hearing about President Nixon's pardon. "How about me?" he demanded. "What am I, a piece of doo-doo?" (We won't answer that, Benny!)

\* \* \* \*

**PITY POOR** Ed Stone, the farmer from East Crevice, Iowa, who wanted a better corn crop, so he wired up his fields and played Lawrence Welk music all day long. Seems the crop thrived, but unfortunately his neighbors heard the music all day long, too. They burned down Eb's farm! . . . Quick! Think of a card! The Ten of Spades . . . Right!? (Who says ESP doesn't work?!)

**DR. SANDFORD PIZER** sent along this photo to us showing his wife standing at Stonehenge, one of the great mysteries of all time. Sandford writes, "Someday we will learn the answers to the five questions about Stonehenge: WHERE did the stones come from? WHAT do they mean? HOW did they get there? WHEN did they come? And WHO brought them?" I'm sure we will, Sandy, but will we ever learn the answer to an even more important question: WHY does your wife wear such tacky clothes . . . Fast, now! Pick a number from one to ten! Six . . . right?! (That's two for two!)



**SEND SYMPATHY CARDS** to the family of Billy Grovel. Billy predicted that the sky would fall, and the world would come to an end last month. Well, it did . . . for him! Billy was erased by a truck as he crossed the street while looking up to see if the sky was falling yet.

\* \* \* \*

**BACK TO EARTH DEPT.** Dick Mather had a premoni-tion that the ill-fated Flight 365, which later did go down, would crash. He was so sure of his vision that he pleaded and pleaded with his skeptical wife. But no matter how hard Dick begged her, he couldn't con-vince her to take the Flight.

\* \* \* \*

**HATS OFF DEPT.** Professor Daryl Ennui, the noted NYU economics expert, set a new Inter-Scholastic ESP Record last month when he put 243 students into a deep trance in less than thirty minutes. Daryl's lecture on Gresham's Law is a sure-fire winner!

\* \* \* \*

**HEARTWARMING NOTES DEPT.** Dave Fink, who was stolen by a roving band of Bank Examiners when he was an infant, went to a Psychic who told him where he could find his Mother. Dave followed up and met his Mom after a 45-year separation. At first, Dave wasn't sure it was really his Mother, but he was convinced when she greeted him by saying, "In 45 years, you could have called me at least once!"

\* \* \* \*

**LENNY ABERNATHY CLAIMS** that no one at home un-derstands him and his preoccupation with Psychic Phenome-non, so Len wants to use this column to contact a man with similar interests...or if not that, then a woman who is lonely! . . . Now, quick, pick a month! December . . . right!? (No? Sorry, guy! Well, two out of three ain't bad!)

\* \* \* \*

**REINCARNATION DEPT.** Pity poor Harvey Reed, the songwriter, who was Johann Strauss in a previous life. Seems that last week, Harv composed "The Blue Danube" for the 78th time. But don't get me wrong! I love Psychic Phenomenonsense!



# MIND POWER INTERVIEWS:

## Mr. CASEY EDGARS, World Famous Psychic Healer

**MP:** Hello, Mr. Edgars. I'm...

**EDGARS:** Say no more. I can see you're suffering from severe back trouble. You've had it for years, and you've been to the biggest doctors without any relief. Well, your worries are over, young man. I can cure you.

**MP:** I'm afraid you don't understand, sir. My back feels fine.

**EDGARS:** See? And I didn't even lay a hand on you. That'll be \$600, please.

**MP:** Wait a minute! I'm not a patient! I'm the Editor of *Mind Power Magazine*, and I'm here to interview you.

**EDGARS:** Oh? Well, then, have a seat. You can sit comfortably, now that I've cured your back.

**MP:** May we begin? First, just how do you cure sick people.

**EDGARS:** That depends on exactly how sick they are.

**MP:** Well, let's say a person who was very sick came to see you. What would you do?

**EDGARS:** I'd pretend I was the Telephone Company Repair Man. Listen, pal... very sick people can die on you. That can screw up a guy's perfect record.

**MP:** Well, let's say it's someone who isn't really very sick...

**EDGARS:** Okay, first I look at them. But I don't see them.

**MP:** Oh, your eyes are giving you trouble.

**EDGARS:** Any more jokes, and this interview is over, sonny. I don't see them because I don't look at the person, I look at his aura. I can see where his aura is warped, or discolored, or agitated, or just plain teed off. That's where the trouble spot is. Like right now, I'm looking at your right upper wisdom tooth, and I can see it's giving you trouble.

**MP:** No, it isn't. It was removed ten years ago.

**EDGARS:** Right. And your aura misses it terribly. Well... go on, if it isn't too hard to talk with that pain-

ful tooth.

**MP:** After determining where the problem area is, what do you do next?

**EDGARS:** See these hands? They look like ordinary hands, don't they?

**MP:** Well, maybe not as clean... but close enough...

**EDGARS:** These hands, these fingers have miraculous properties. With these hands, I can cure the sick, heal the lame, restore the blind and count to ten.

**MP:** You mean you place your hands on the affected area of the patient?

**EDGARS:** No, dummy, I Cha-Cha with them. What do you think? Of course I place my hands on them. And then I call out, "Heal... heal... heal..."

**MP:** And then what happens?

**EDGARS:** Usually, my dog runs in and sits at my feet. But sometimes, the psychic energy that I control passes through my hands to the patient and he's cured.

**MP:** That's amazing.

**EDGARS:** If you think that's something, I've got a few cards tricks that'll blow your mind. Here... pick a card...

**MP:** Maybe later.

**EDGARS:** I don't know about that. Judging by your aura, you don't have all the time left in the world, you know. How's the back...?

**MP:** Fine. Tell me, what made you decide to become a Psychic Healer?

**EDGARS:** It happened when I was a Freshman in Medical School. I suddenly decided that orthodox medicine was not for me.

**MP:** You received some sort of... message?

**EDGARS:** Yeah, from the Dean, saying I was failing every course.

**MP:** Well, Mr. Edgars, I'm about out of tape. I want to thank you for your time, and I'd like to say that more people should talk to you.

**EDGARS:** Oh? Like who?

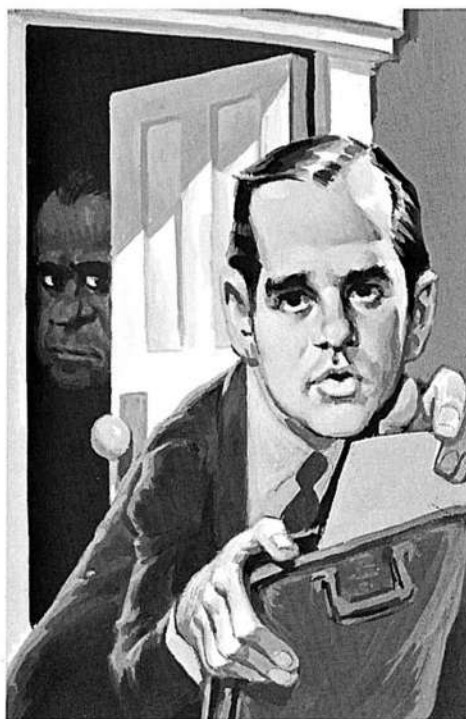
**MP:** Like the Police Department Bunko Squad.

# PICTURES OF

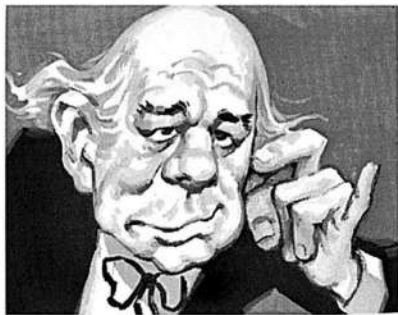
## NEWS PHOTOS



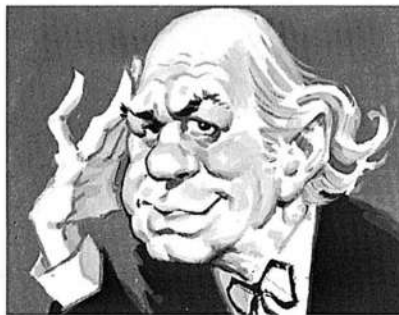
This is Dr. Arthur Yuld, his wife, Nana and their Caribbean guide, Lance Reeves, who recently spent a week investigating the mysterious Bermuda Triangle...the area where many ships and planes have vanished without a trace. When asked if he thought there really was a Bermuda Triangle, Dr. Yuld said, "I'm positive there's a triangle! The last night, I caught my wife in bed with our guide!"



As we promised last issue, here's that photo of the man who talks to a "ghost" every day. It's Ron Ziegler, leaving Richard Nixon's study at San Clemente.



"There is a lot more out there in our strange and mysterious world than is seen by the average person with limited sight. Like, dig that little number in the apartment across the courtyard!"



"I'm glad I gave up orthodox medicine to become a Healer, because with the laying on of hands, I get a chance to do what I could not do if I were an ordinary doctor...mainly feel women!"



# F PEOPLE ON THE PSYCHIC PSCENE

FROM AROUND THE WORLD...AND OTHER PLACES



When Mrs. Yetta Gelt, seen here watching her son, Uri, using his concentrated mind power to move a salt shaker, was asked if she was proud of him, she replied, "I'd be a lot prouder if he concentrated his mind power on moving his butt out of the house and getting himself a job making an honest living!"



Here is amazing alchemist Ferd Gould, who has made a fortune changing base metals into gold and silver. That's nothing," says Gould. "My wife is even more amazing! She changes good money into cheap jewelry!"

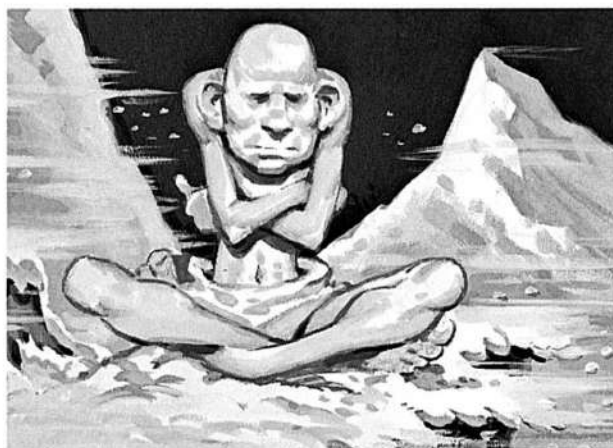


To make sure that psychic Andre Bologne would not be affected by any outside influences during a recent test of his amazing powers, scientists placed him in a sealed lead container. The precautions worked perfectly. Andre was not affected by any outside influences...and the scientists were not affected by any of Andre's screams for air before he finally suffocated.



These are the two Soviet Cosmonauts who sent mental messages back to Earth. Intercepted by an American Sensitive, the messages all had two specific themes: One, a longing for a real toilet--and the other, a strong desire to land anyplace but the Soviet Union.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #183 (JUN 1976)



Guru Knishnosh, who sits on a bleak snowy 11,000 ft. mountain peak, is a master of contemplation. When asked just what he contemplates, The Great One said, "Most of all, I contemplate how very wonderful it would be to have a warm overcoat!"



To prove that thoughts can be captured on photographic plates, Rev. Hubert Traif had members of his Church Council concentrate on something pleasurable. He was, indeed, able to pick up their thoughts on the plates, and the resulting photographs are now on sale at "The Hanky-Panky Adult Book Store" in Lodi, New Jersey.

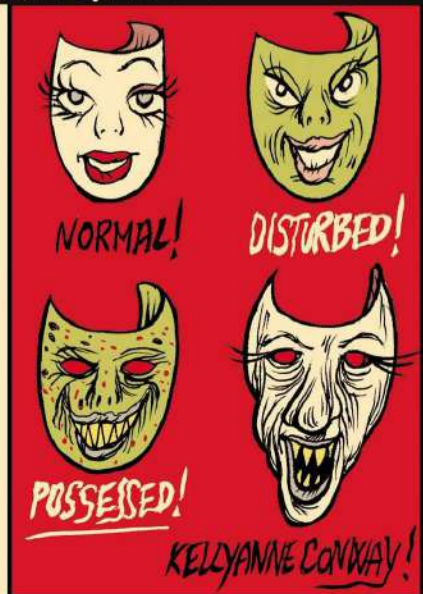




The most iconic fashion on the planet doll has been made over by everyone from the Girl Scouts to SeaWorld—so why not Satan? We upsettingly present...



**INTERCHANGEABLE FACES!**  
TRY ALL 4 PHASES OF DEMONIC POSSESSION!



**POSSESSED**  
**Barbie®**



WRITER & ARTIST HURRICANE IVAN



DON'T FORGET THESE  
ECC-CESSORIES...

Barbie®

# NIGHTMARE HOUSE™



RECHARGEABLE  
LEVITATION  
LEVER!



- ① VAMPIRE REPELLENT COIL
- ② HELL-ELEVATOR
- ③ BOOGEYMAN'S CLOSET
- ④ GLOBAL WARMING TERRACE
- ⑤ DIMENSIONAL PORTAL
- ⑥ DISTURBING NEIGHBORS
- ⑦ HANNIBAL'S KITCHEN
- ⑧ LONG-DISTANCE PHONE SERVICE
- ⑨ SECURITY CAMERA
- ⑩ BURIAL GROUND



**Voodoo Ken**

COMMAND  
YOUR  
BOYFRIEND!

BUY ME  
THAT NOW,  
DADDY!  
PLEEEASE!







Recently, a so-called "scary" movie (by Steven Spielberg et al.) made box office history when millions of horror fans all around the country rushed to theaters and paid good money to have their pants scared off them. Well, Steve and company, MAD has taken a long, hard look at your movie, and we've come to the conclusion that using a display of dazzling special effects to cover up the lack of a strong plot and the work of unknown actors is a pretty

PA

I'm Heave Feeling... a modern suburban father! I make a good living and I've got a comfortable home and a nice family! But I'm a little worried about my daughter, Caro Anne, over there! She stares at TELEVISION six hours a day! That may not sound strange to you, but she stares at it AFTER the shows have gone off the air!

I'm Dyin Feeling... a typical suburban housewife! I'm also a typical Steven Spielberg suburban housewife! That could be a problem! They told me to take be this role because being in a Steven Spielberg movie would mean fame and recognition! But after this movie, I'll probably be as famous as those OTHER Spielberg housewives... like "Whatsername" in "Jaws" and "Whozit" in "Close Encounters" and "Watchacallit" in "E.T."!

I'm Blobbie Feeling! I'm scared of the big oak tree outside! I'm scared of the strange creaking noises in the attic! I'm scared of the glowing lights in the closet! I'm eight years old! People ask me what I want to BE when I grow up! I tell 'em I want to be NINE! In THIS house, that ain't gonna be EASY!!

I'm Tana Feeling! I'm 16 years old! My mother has "Housewife-Career" problems, my brother's scared of old trees, my sister talks to TV sets and I look NOTHING like Brooke Shields! I tell you, PUBERTY is a drag!

Are you there? Boy, talk about GHOSTS on your TV screen!





# COUNTRY GUISE

Hey, Heave!! Something's wacko with your TV!

Yeah! We're trying to watch the football game, and the channel selector keeps switching to some dopey KIDDIE SHOW!!

Oh... that's my neighbor's remote control unit! It has a strange effect on MY set! What's the score, anyway...?

I don't know, but I think the Rams just tackled Kermit the Frog!!



What are we doing, Mommy?

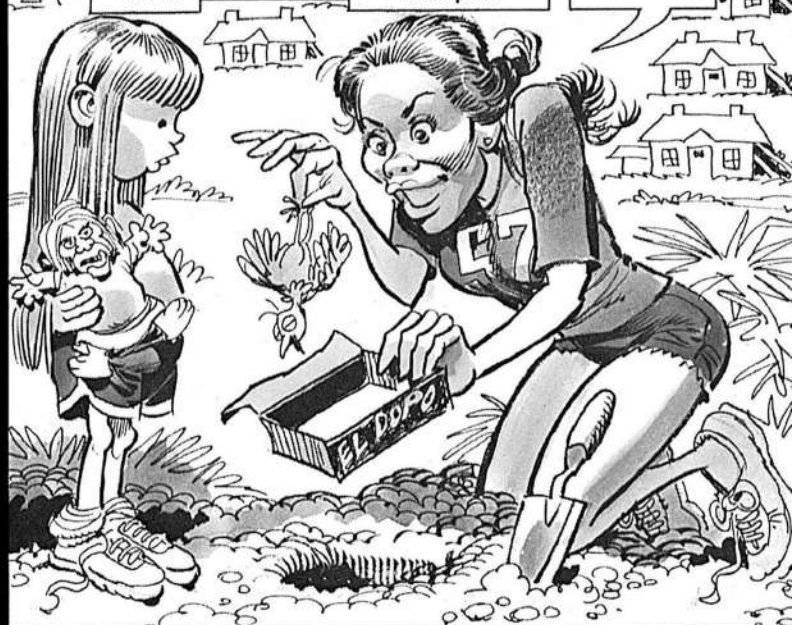
Burying your pet canary that died!

But it's such a teensie weensie little plot!!

Don't worry! Lots of people manage to do very well with just such a teensie weensie little plot!

Really...? Like WHO, Mommy??

Like Steven Spielberg, the creator of this film!



WRITER ARNIE KOGEN ARTIST JACK DAVIS

What's troubling you now, Blobberie?

Everything! It's the thunder and the lightning and the ominous clouds and that big weird gnarled old tree!

A big brave eight-year-old like you?! You're not worried about it, are you?

Let me put it this way: Living in this house is giving me an "ulcerette"!

I guess that stuff can be pretty scary to a kid! It's natural to want to cry, or hide under the covers! But when you grow up, Son, you'll find yourself coping with problems in a more adult way!



—PUFF—  
—PUFF—  
So how was your day, Hon?  
—PUFF—

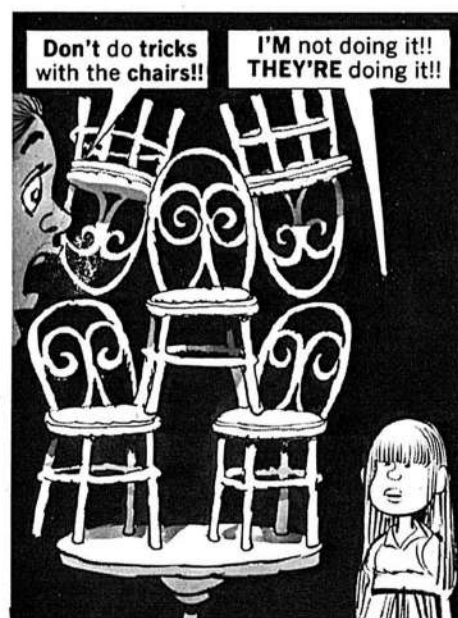
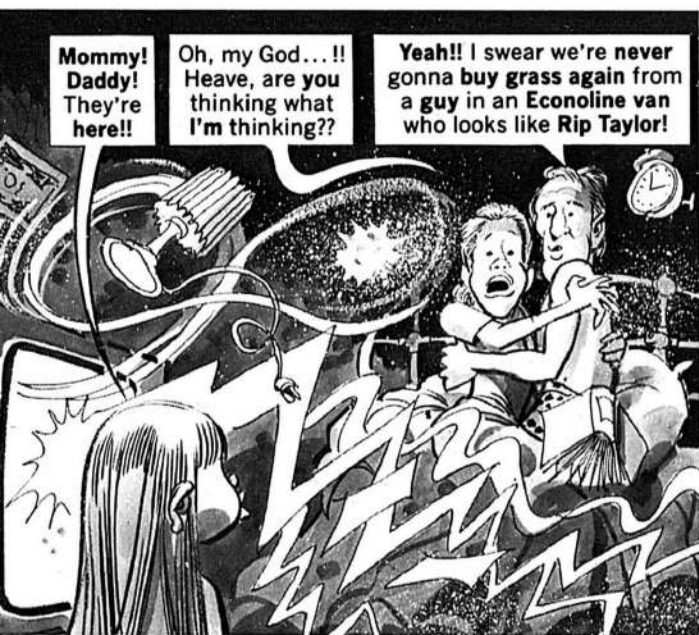
Don't ask!! But—PUFF—  
PUFF—it's getting better every second!!

BLOBBIE!!  
What are you LOOKING at...?!

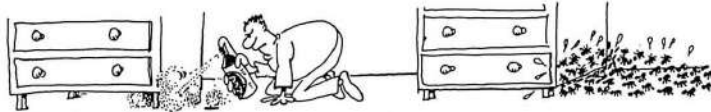
Mom and Dad ...coping with their problems in a more "adult way"!











Look...!!  
The tree  
is eating  
Bobbie  
ALIVE!!

Blobbie!  
Answer  
me! Are  
you  
okay...?

Dad, remember the  
expression, "Its  
bark is worse  
than its bite!"??

Yeah...  
It's not  
true in  
this case!



I may be crazy... but I'm  
gonna have to risk my neck  
and save the kid's life!!

You love him THAT much?!!

Nahh! It's just that I can't bear  
the idea of going to a cocktail  
party and having to explain how  
my kid died... "Well, you see, my  
son was EATEN by this TREE...!"



We saved  
BLOBBIE's  
life, but  
now CARO  
ANNE is  
missing!!

This is not one of  
our family's best  
days!! Caro Anne,  
where are you...?

My God! I've  
heard of a  
"CAPTIVE TV  
AUDIENCE"—  
but this is  
ridiculous!

Mommy...Mommy...



Here!  
Let  
ME  
try to  
tune  
her  
in...

She may be  
on Channel  
5! They've  
got a LOT  
of Kiddie  
Shows!!

Maybe  
she's gone  
into  
syndication!

Maybe we should  
wait for the  
eleven o'clock  
news! She'll tell  
us where she  
is HERSELF!!

I knew we should  
have switched to  
cable! That way,  
we'd be able to  
pick up her  
picture a whole  
lot clearer...!

STOP  
IT!!  
All of  
you,  
STOP  
IT!!



Heave!! What are  
we going to do?!  
Our Caro Anne is  
stuck in the TV!

I think we better  
hurry up and think  
of something before  
she's "CANCELLED"!

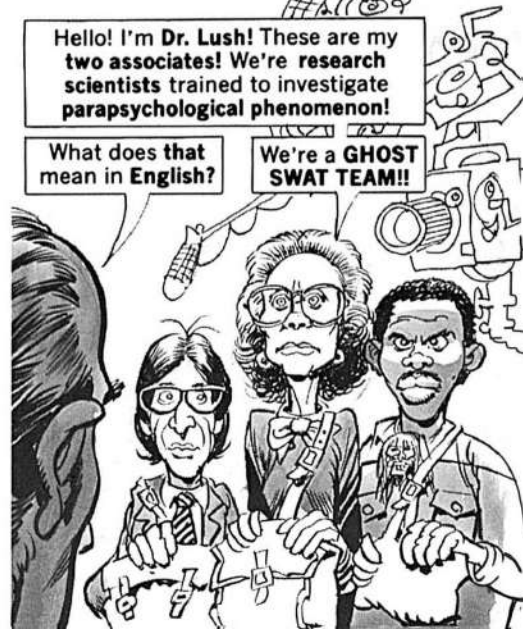


What's the  
problem, Mr.?

Our daughter  
is stuck  
inside our  
television set!

Hmmm! Sounds  
real serious!  
It looks like  
I'm going to  
have to bring  
the set into  
the shop!

We're wasting  
our time  
with a TV  
repairman!  
We better  
call in some  
scientists!!

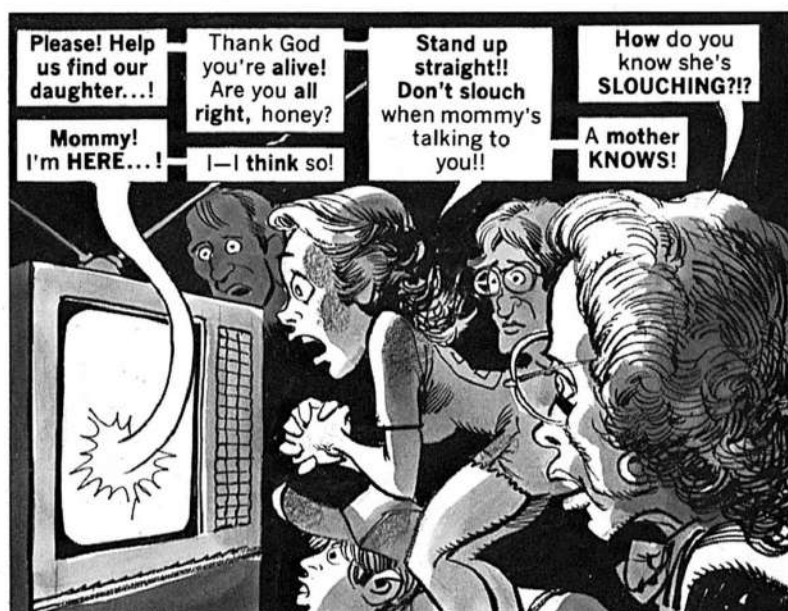


Hello! I'm Dr. Lush! These are my  
two associates! We're research  
scientists trained to investigate  
parapsychological phenomenon!

What does that  
mean in English?

We're a GHOST  
SWAT TEAM!!









My daughter is being held hostage by this house!! You must get her out!!

Mr. Feeling... it's beyond our research team! What you need is a **PSYCHIC!**

Money is no object! Get me the **BIGGEST** in the **BUSINESS!!**

Good evening! I am Bandina, the **Psychic!**

**YOUR'RE** the **BIGGEST** in the business?

And I'm the best! I will "cleanse" this house of evil spirits! I will cleanse the rooms! I will cleanse the stairways! I will cleanse the attic! Now, where was your daughter last seen?

Well, she was trapped in the TV, but now she may have moved to the walls... or the windows!

Sorry! At these prices, I don't cleanse windows!

Er... are you sure you know what you're doing?!

I have amazing skills! I am a **psychic**, a **seer**, a **clairvoyant**—and I can read minds! I know at all times what you're thinking!

Ooops! I—I'm sorry!

Too late!! I **HEARD** you thinking those "little people" jokes!!

You're thinking: "What side of the rainbow did **SHE** come from...?"

"She's lucky if she can read knees!"

Yes, I **AM** small! But I'm also very gifted! My size has never affected my skills at flushing out evil!!

Now... let me go through the house and find your missing daughter!

Caro Anne... ?? Where **ARE** youuuuuuuuuuu... ??

Not **THAT** house!!

Okay, here's the story! Your daughter is being held captive by a terrible force—a "beast"—that hovers up in her closet!

And there's no hope... ?

There **IS** hope! You must get me two tennis balls and some rope!

See, Honey? It's all going to work out!

My daughter disappears into the TV set! Then, a tiny clairvoyant tells us that "in order to bring her back," we have to fling **TENNIS BALLS** at some monster! And **YOU** say, "It's all going to work out!"???

Here we go! The tennis balls will clear a path through the light and confuse the beast!!

What's the score... ?

The beast is up two sets!!









SMELLS LIKE SCREAM SPIRIT DEPT.

The ODD COUPLE of the  
UNDERWORLD

# Spirew & Boney

in "Death Comes  
for Us All!"

MAY 24TH,  
2019.

4:18 PM.

SEVEN-TWENTY-FIVE  
PLYMOUTH DRIVE...

...NOW ENTERING  
THE FOYER...

PREVIOUS OWNERS REPORTED THE USUAL  
ANOMALIES: FLICKERING LIGHTS, DOORS CLOSING  
ON THEIR OWN, NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS AFRAID TO  
RETRIEVE ERRANTLY THROWN FRISBEEES...

WHAT'S  
THAT?!

OH, DOES THE \$600  
MEAT THERMOMETER FROM  
SHARPER IMAGE NOT TELL YOU?  
BECAUSE HEAVEN FORBID A MAJOR  
PURCHASE MADE WITHOUT CONSULTING  
YOUR PARTNER TURN OUT TO BE  
A HUGE WASTE OF MONEY!

THIS IS A  
PROFESSIONAL-GRADE  
EMF METER AND IT  
WOULD BE IRRESPONSIBLE  
NOT TO HAVE IT!

I THINK  
IT'S COMING  
FROM...

THAT  
CLOCK...

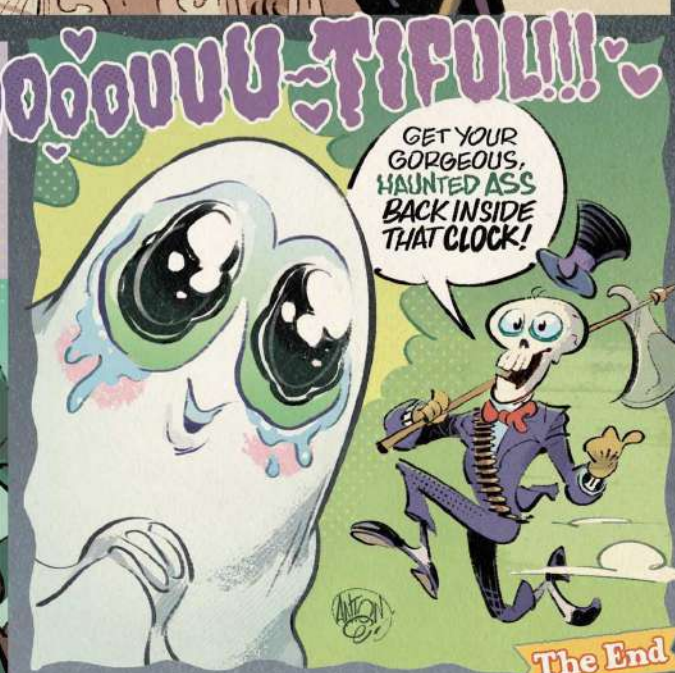
THE SPIRIT IN QUESTION IS  
INHABITING A GRANDFATHER  
CLOCK AT THE NORTH END  
OF THE HOUSE. MAKING  
CONTACT NOW...

LET'S  
SEE WHO  
YOU ARE...









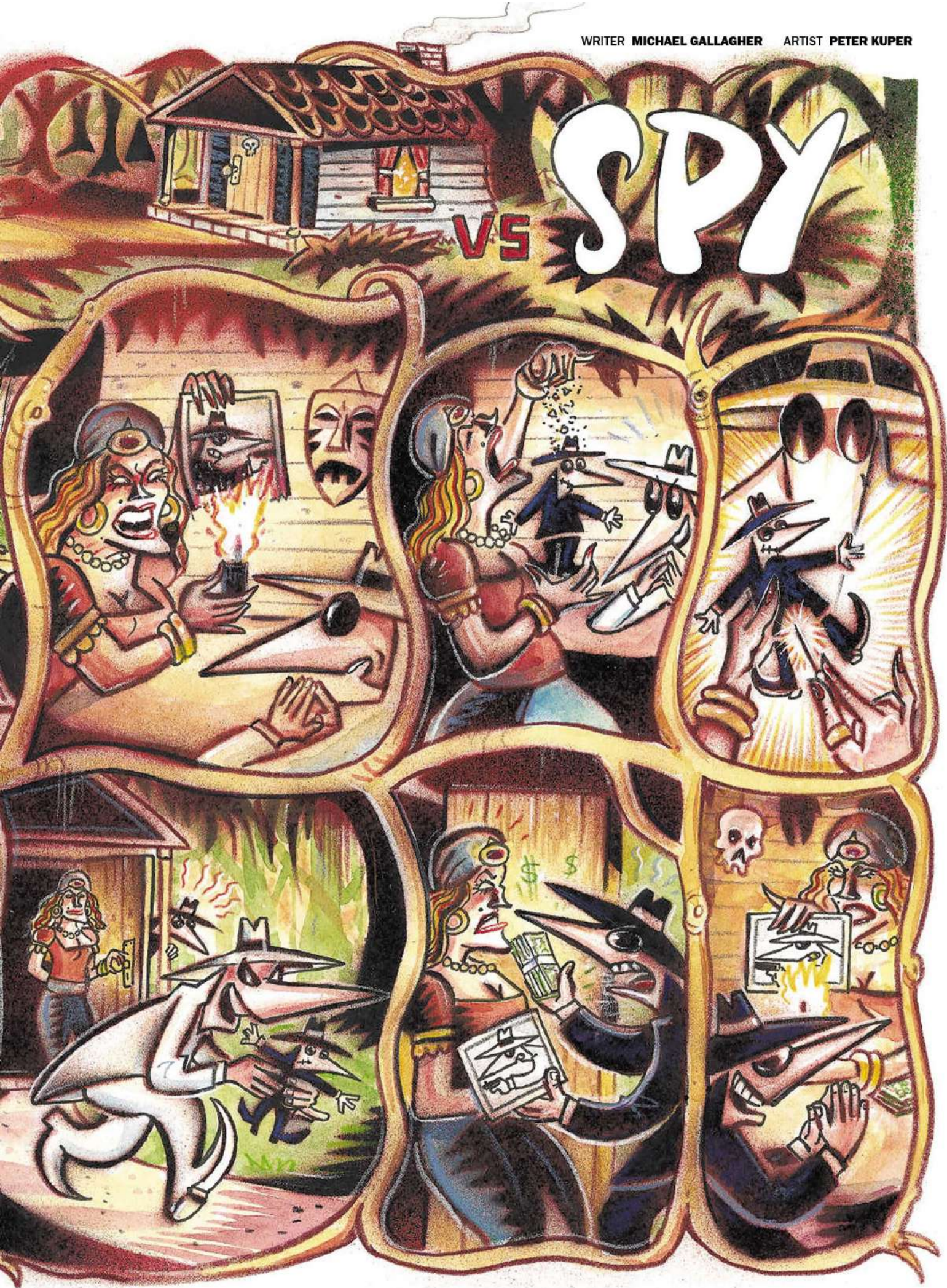




# SPY











ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #406, JUN 2001





THERE'S A FRAUD IN YOUR FUTURE DEPT.

Hi, MAD reader's! I'm **Howard Gosell**, and I'm famous for **telling it like it is!** I deal only in **truth** and **reality!** Which is why **MAD Magazine**, in its ridiculous fashion, has chosen **me** to interview a man who deals in the **unbelievable** and **unreal world** of **Mysticism** and **The Occult!** His name is **Cosmo Mantra**, President of **Occult Enterprises!** He's...

# MAD'S OCCULT PROMOTER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Mantra, you've made millions of dollars in Astrology... Mysticism... and Psychic Phenomenon! Tell us... what got you into The Occult?

My fascination with the unknown, Howard! I never knew what a **FORTUNE** there is in this stuff!

But, what qualified you?

For years, I sold patent medicines and miracle-cure elixirs to the crowds at carnivals and sideshows!

And from that, you discovered the key to the mysteries of The Occult?

No... from that, I discovered that people will swallow **ANYTHING!**



Behold... our Séance Chamber! Through one of our Mediums, here a seeker can speak with loved ones who have crossed over to the Other Side!

You mean talk with the dead?!!

"Dead" is a no-no here, Howard! No one dies in The Occult! They simply **MOVE ON**... and leave a forwarding address!

Your departed husband will now speak... through me!

Harry... is that you?!!

This is Harry! I am speaking to you from the Hereafter!

Are you happy, there, Harry?

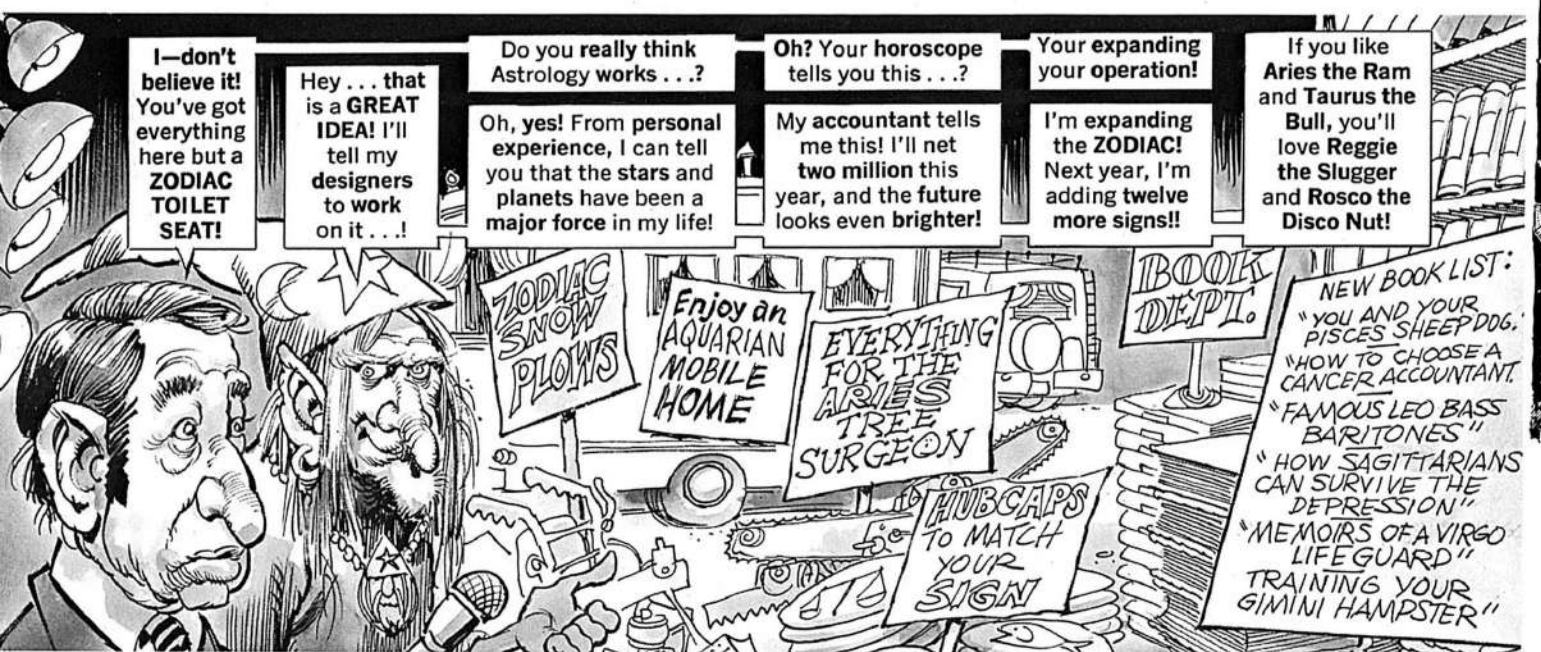
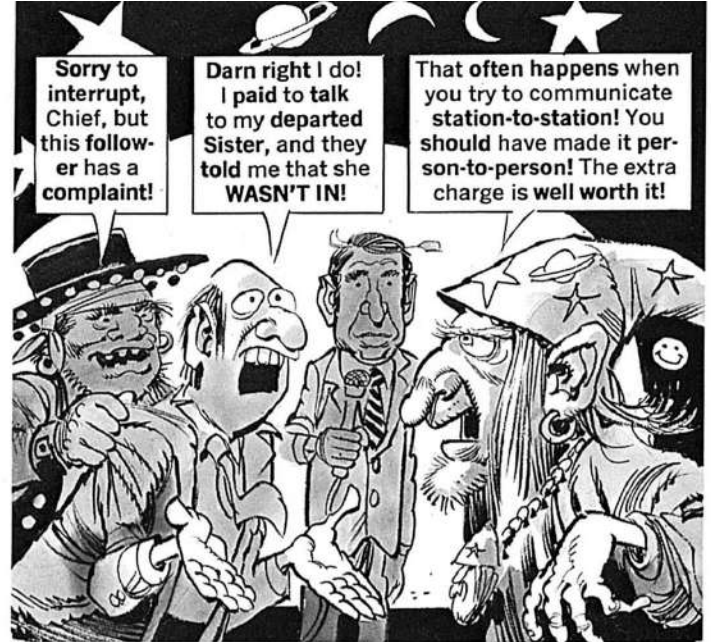
Yes, except that everything is so expensive here! The robes—the wings—the harp!

How can I help?!

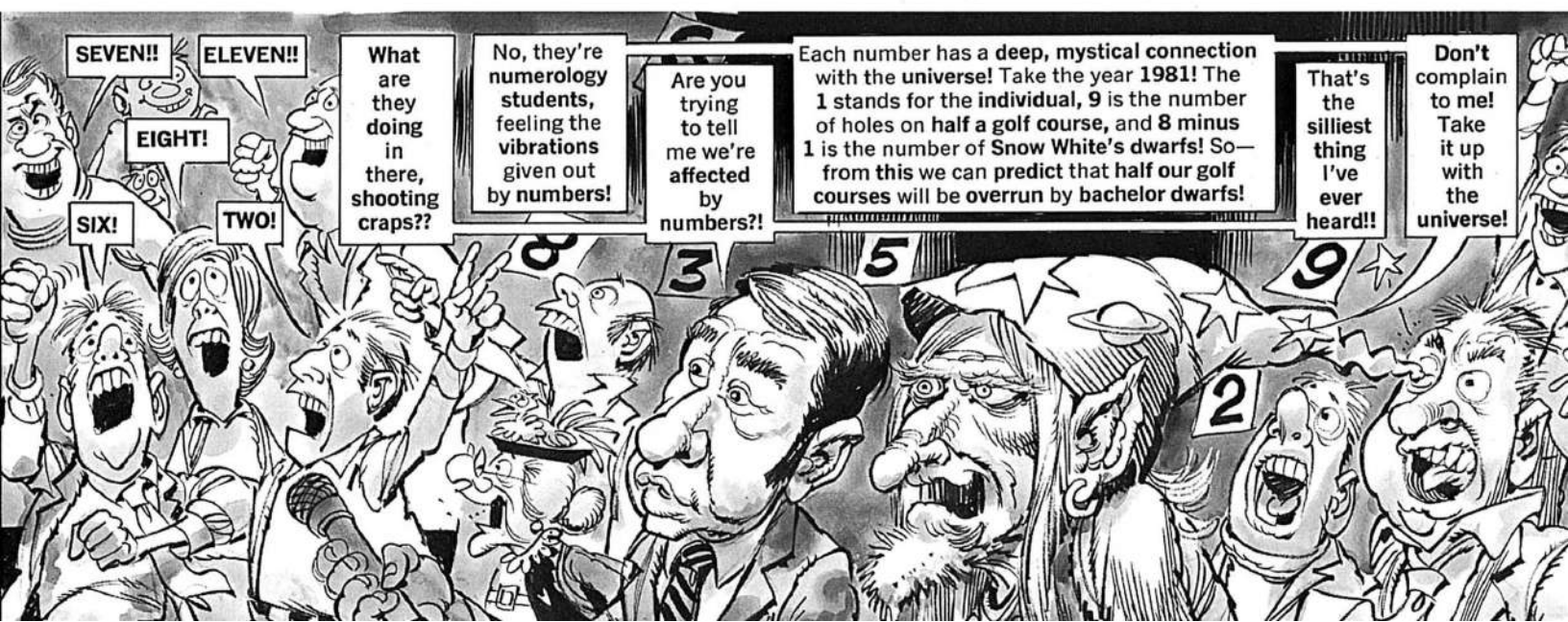
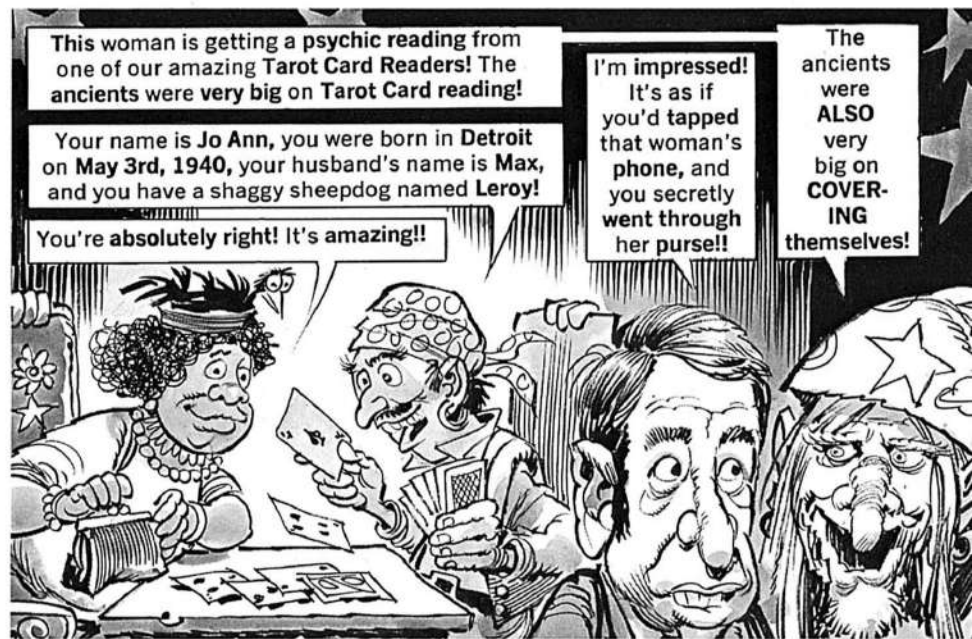
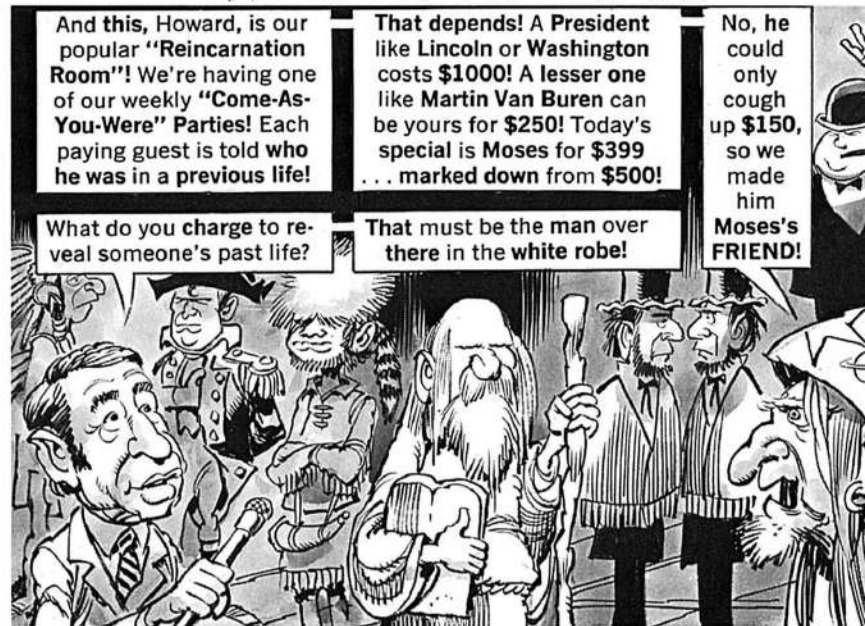
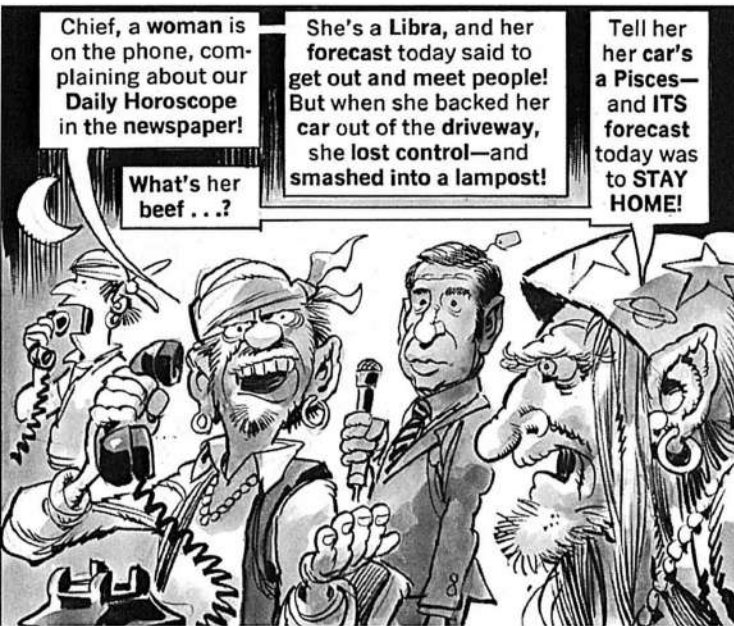
Donate half my insurance money to Occult Enterprises! They'll get it to me by Divine Messenger! Make it cash! They don't take checks here!!













How do people find out if they have any psychic powers?

Easy! Here in our **Psychic Workshop**, a seeker can consult with a **GP**... a **GENERAL PSYCHIC**!

How does it work?

The GP gets in touch with the seeker's psychic self by picking up vibrations from a cherished possession!

I see that the GP is holding the seeker's **BANKBOOK**! Will that tell a lot about him?

For our purposes... **EVERYTHING**! If the seeker is loaded... er... psychically speaking, that is... he'll be referred to a **SPECIALIST**!

He's being **CARESSSED** by that beautiful girl wearing a see-through gown...!

**SHE's** the specialist! She's getting in touch with his **PSYCHIC CENTER** through the art of **COSMIC TOUCH** and **SPIRITUAL MASSAGE**!

It doesn't look all that **SPIRITUAL**!

Each man must tap his psyche in his own way!!



Why is that **Palm-Reader** being thrown out of here??

He was my most trusted **Reader**! But now, we've stripped him of his sacred robe, and confiscated his **mandala**!

What did he do?

He committed the worst sin of all... the unforgivable, infamous deed I cannot allow!

He mentioned **SATAN**?

Worse! He predicted **BAD NEWS** for a cash customer!



Mr. Mantra, is it really possible to see into the future?

Of course! To the past, the present is the future! To the future, the present is the past! Therefore, if the present is both future and past, then we live in all dimensions simultaneously!

That makes absolutely **NO SENSE**, fellah! It requires people to suspend all reason and logical thought!

You're beginning to understand **The Occult**!



Tell me Sir... what do **YOU** believe in??

That there are forces beyond our control that affect our lives!

You mean the stars? The planets?

I mean the meddlers who claim I'm bilking the public and want to close me down! Fortunately, I've stashed away my profits in **Swiss Banks**!

Why not invest in stocks... or bonds?

Are you kidding? Who knows what they'll be worth in six months?! Only an **IDIOT** would try to predict the future!



This is **Howard Gosell**, returning you to **MAD Magazine**...!!

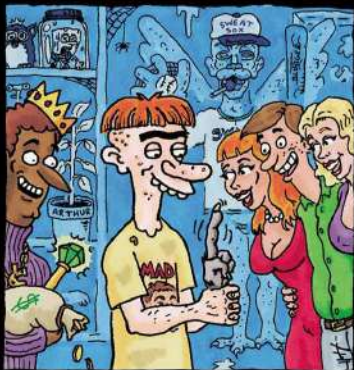
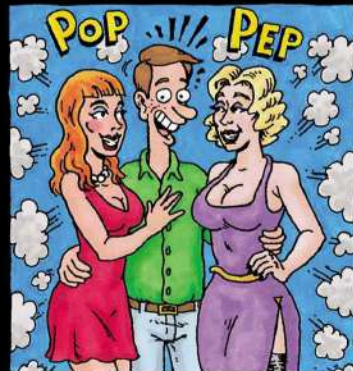
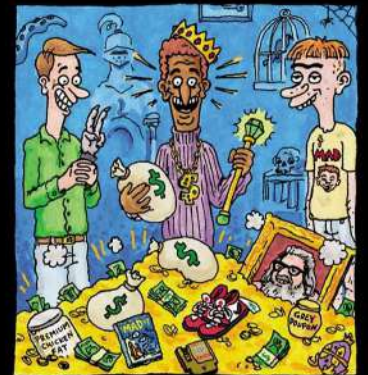
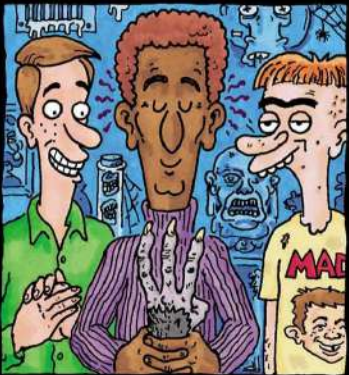
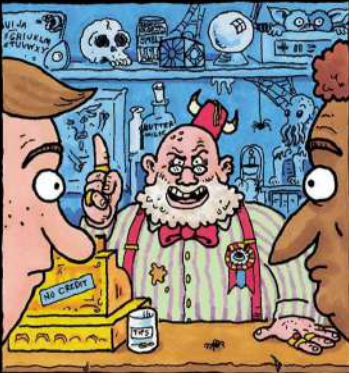






# HUMOUR WHILE YOU WAIT

"MONKEY'S PAW"







IT'S A WONDERFUL STRIFE DEPT.

# THE HAUNTING LEGEND C/O

# ECHO POINT

WRITER **JOHN CALDWELL**  
ARTIST **PHIL McANDREW**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #534, AUG 2015

**CORRECTION:** In last months MAD #26, we were ACTUAL idiots and mistakenly credited one of the original Usual Gang of Idiots, founding editor, Harvey Kurtzman with writing the copy in the reprinted excerpt on page 56, originally published in MAD #37, JAN 1958. Mr. Kurtzman had left MAD Magazine at that point in his career. So, it's still a MAD history mystery as to who wrote the piece.

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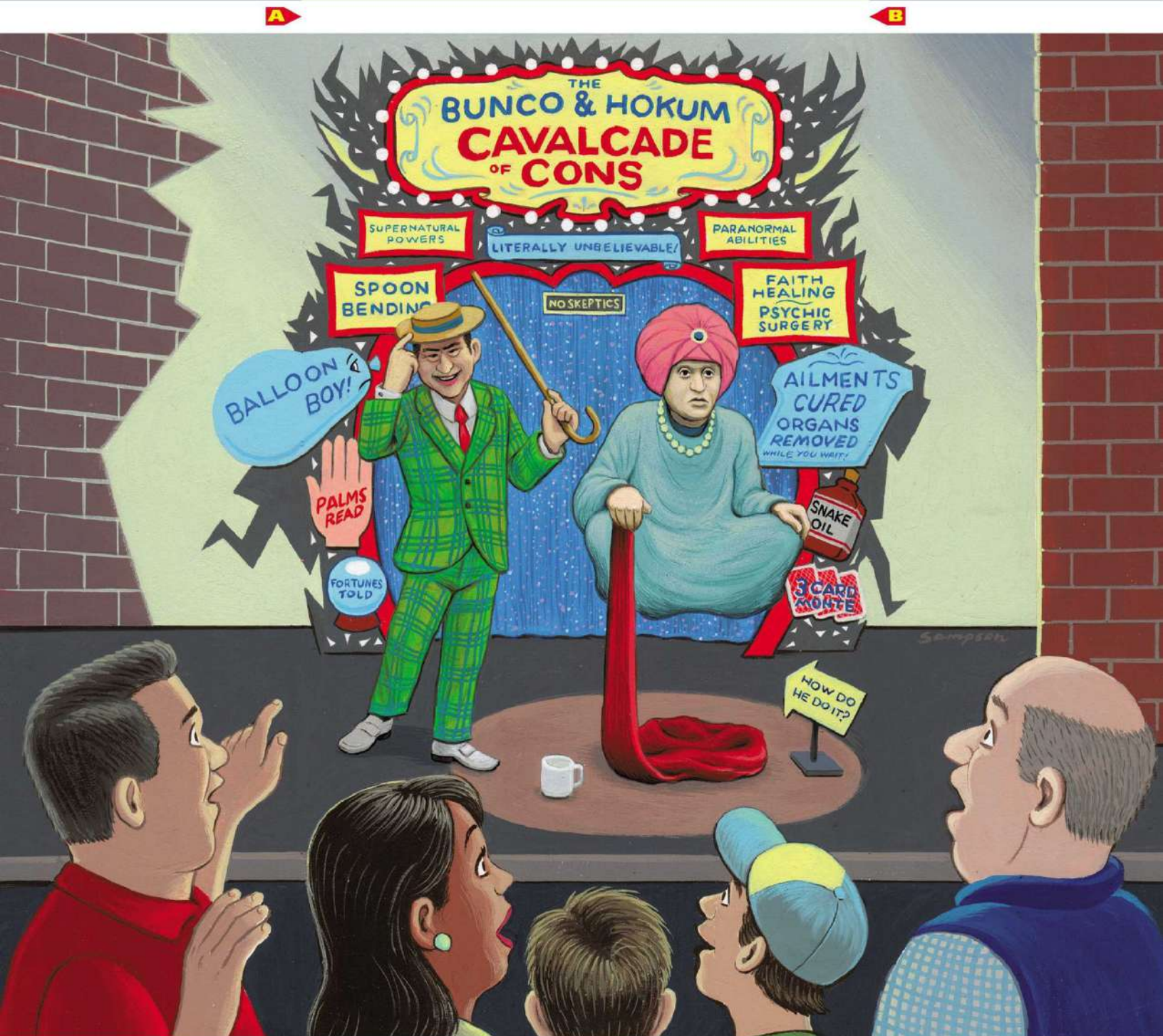
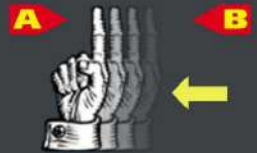


WHAT DEBUNKED  
PHENOMENON  
DO PEOPLE STILL  
EMPHATICALLY  
BELIEVE IN?

## HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Time and time again, people are duped by grifters, conmen, and hoaxers. Despite mountains of evidence disproving their implausible assertions, there's always a sucker who will take the bait. To see what ruse people are still falling for, fold in as shown on the right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF CUNNING CHARLATANS WHO  
VOICE THE MOST OUTLANDISH CLAIMS. YES, SOONER OR LATER  
THEY ALL GET EXPOSED AS THE PHONIES THEY ARE, BUT  
FRANKLY, IT DOES NOT MATTER—THESE DAYS, IF YOU'RE LOUD  
ENOUGH, PEOPLE ARE GOING TO LISTEN TO YOU.



# MAD

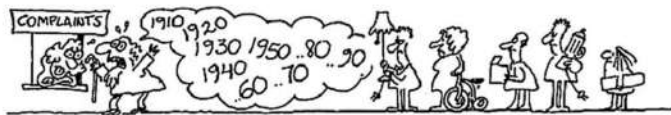
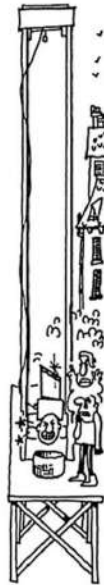




# DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

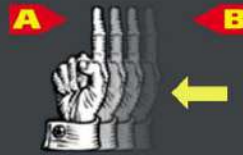
SERGIO ARAGONES





WHAT DEBUNKED  
PHENOMENON  
DO PEOPLE STILL  
EMPHATICALLY  
BELIEVE IN?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



VOTER

FRAUD

A B